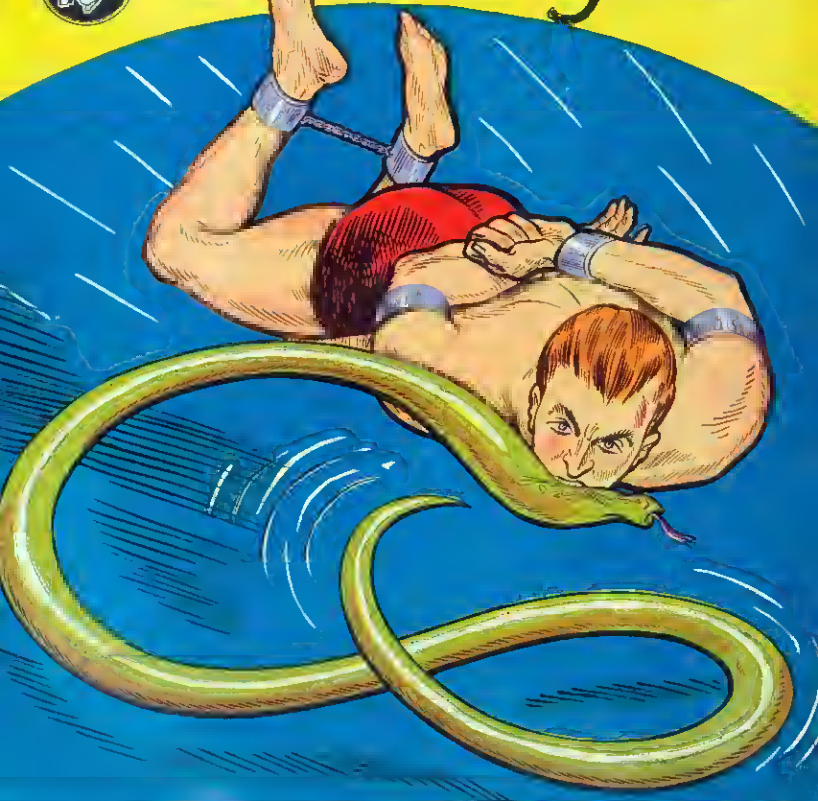


AMAZING-MAN COMICS

10¢

SEPTEMBER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

IT'S HARD TO BEAT- These

2 TOP-NOTCH FEATURES!

BOTH IN THE SAME MAGAZINE.

Every Page **PACKED**
with **EXCITING EPISODES**
of **THRILLS and MYSTERY!**

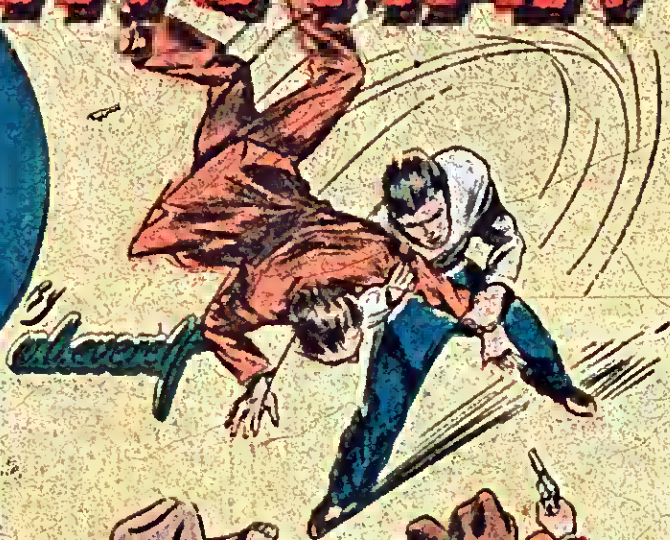
NOW APPEARING IN
**AMAZING
MYSTERY
FUNNIES**

IN FULL COLOR!



September 1939—Volume 1, Number 5—AMAZING MAN COMICS is published monthly by Comic Corporation of America, 29 Worthington St., Springfield, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices: 220 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Application for entry as second class matter at Springfield, Mass. pending. Single copies 10¢—annual subscription \$1.00 in U. S. A.; other countries \$1.50. Copyright 1939 by Comic Corporation of America. No actual person is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. Contents must not be reproduced without permission. Printed in U. S. A.

THE AMAZING MAN



AMAN, KNOWN TO HIS ENEMIES BY MANY ALIASES, THE MOST TERRIFYING OF WHICH IS "THE GREEN MIST".....

25 YEARS AGO, IN THE DISMAL COUNTRY OF TIBET, THE COUNCIL OF SEVEN CHOSE AN ORPHAN OF SUPERB PHYSICAL STRUCTURE, AND EACH DID HIS PART TO DEVELOP IN THIS CHILD ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A MAN WHO WOULD DOMINATE THE WORLD OF MEN BY HIS STRENGTH, KNOWLEDGE, AND COURAGE.

MATURE NOW, THE AMAZING MAN, AMAN, SITS CHAINED BEFORE THE COUNCIL, WAITING FOR HIS FINAL TESTS, BEFORE SETTING FORTH INTO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

SIX OF THE COUNCIL HAVE ENDOWED HIM WITH THE BENEFITS OF KINDNESS AND TOLERANCE AND BRAVERY, BUT A SEVENTH, "THE GREAT QUESTION," COVETS PLANS OF DIRE EVIL FOR THE PERFECT BOY....



"GENTLEMEN!"

IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, A SLEEP-RAY HOLDS THE LAD MOTIONLESS....



THE TIME HAS AT LAST ARRIVED WHEN WE MUST QUALIFY OUR EFFORTS OF THE PAST QUARTER OF A CENTURY... OUR CHILD PRODIGY SHALL NOW PROVE HIS STATION AS AN AMAZING SPECIMEN OF ULTRA-MANHOOD. PREPARE HIM FOR THE FIRST TEST!



I, THE STRONGEST MAN IN TIBET, HAVE PREPARED THE FIRST EXAMINATION OF YOUR PHYSICAL STRENGTH—YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SUPPRESS THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT!



WELL DONE, LAD! HE IS NO MATCH FOR YOU—YOU HAVE BEGUN WELL—



THE FIRST TEST!

THANK YOU, SIRS—IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT. I AM READY FOR THE NEXT TEST—



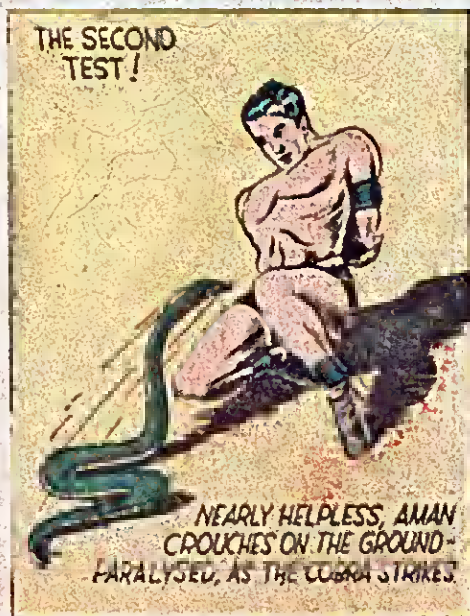
THE NEXT, AMAN, IS NOT SO EASY. YOU ARE TO BE CHAINED, HAND AND FOOT, AND MUST FIGHT A DEATH STRUGGLE WITH THE DEADLIEST OF OUR ENEMIES—



LET ME INTRODUCE YOUR COMBATANT—THE HONORABLE COBRA



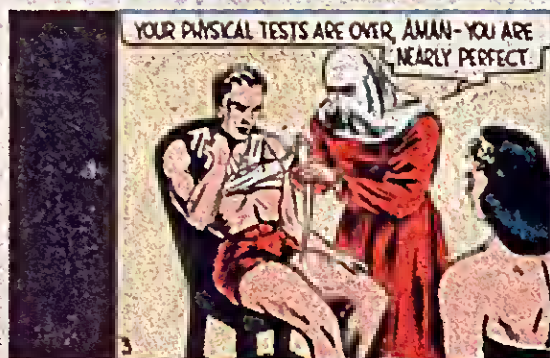
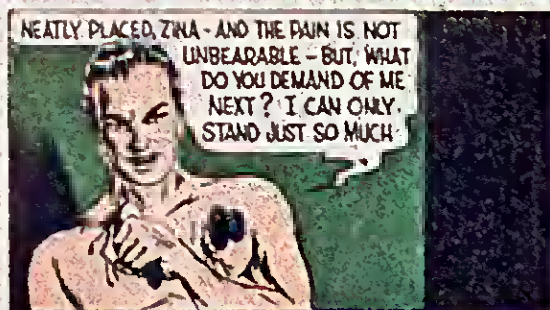
THE SECOND TEST!

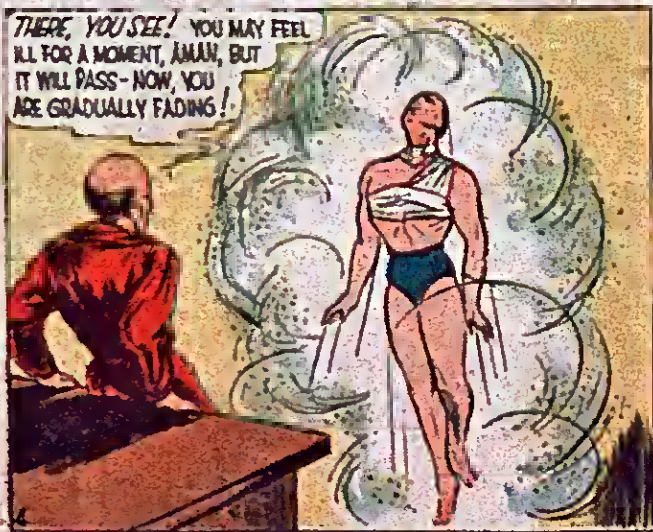
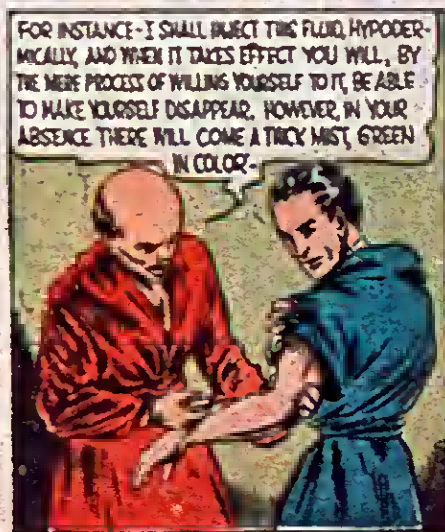


NEARLY HELPLESS, AMAN CROUCHES ON THE GROUND—PARALYSED, AS THE COBRA STRIKES



BUT, WITH THE SPEED AND PRECISION OF A HUNGRY MAN, AMAN STRIKES AT THE SAME INSTANT!





EXCELLENT, AMAN! MY FORMULA IS A SUCCESS - NOW, PLEASE, BRING YOURSELF BACK TO VISIBILITY - JUST IMAGINE YOURSELF IN SOLID FORM, AND YOU WILL BE!



GOOD, MY BOY - I WILL GIVE YOU A VIAL OF THIS FLUID, WHICH YOU MUST TAKE FAITHFULLY ONCE EVERY WEEK - NEVER FORGET - AND THERE IS ONE MORE THING...



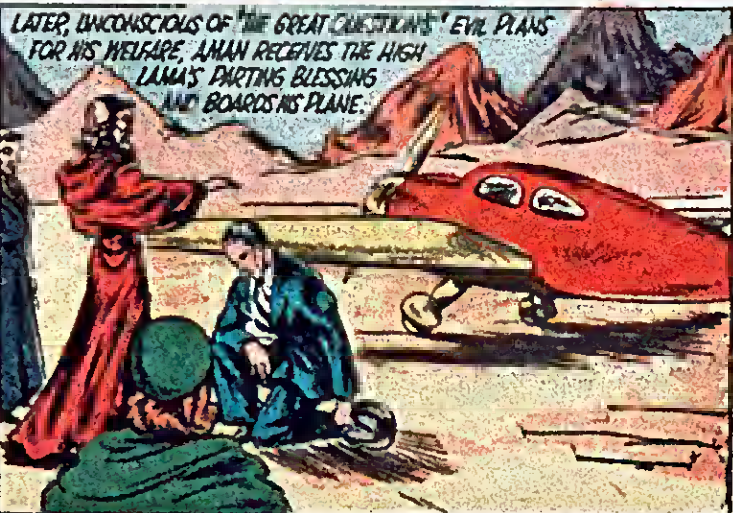
YOU MUST ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE TO ME - TO ALWAYS DO GOOD, AND NEVER MALICIOUSLY HARM A BROTHER HUMAN WITHOUT JUST CAUSE - GO NOW, MY BOY - YOUR SHIP IS WAITING



SO! WKA HAS MADE HIM PROMISE TO "DO GOOD," AS HE SO QUANTLY PUTS IT! WELL - I SHALL CORRECT THAT. AMAN SHALL DO ALWAYS AS I COMMAND HIM - HE CANNOT ESCAPE MY TELEPATHIC INFLUENCE!!



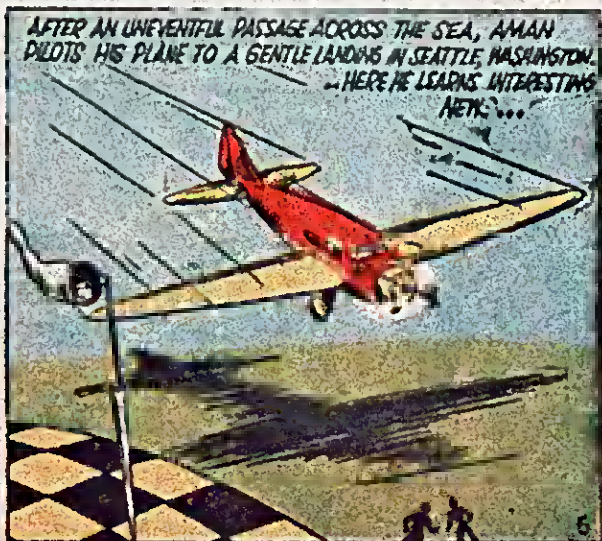
LATER, UNCONSCIOUS OF THE GREAT QUESTOR'S EVIL PLANS FOR HIS WELFARE, AMAN RECEIVES THE HIGH LAMA'S PARTING BLESSING AND BOARDS HIS PLANE.



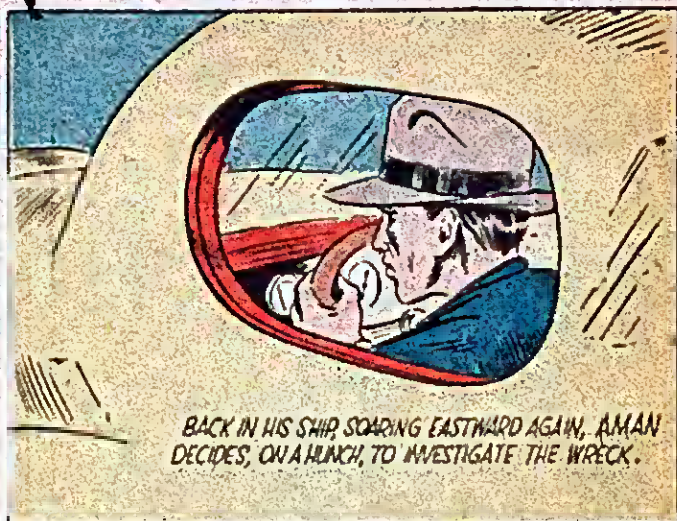
AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL PASSAGE ACROSS THE SEA, AMAN PILOTS HIS PLANE TO A GENTLE LANDING IN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. HERE HE LEARNS INTERESTING NEWS...



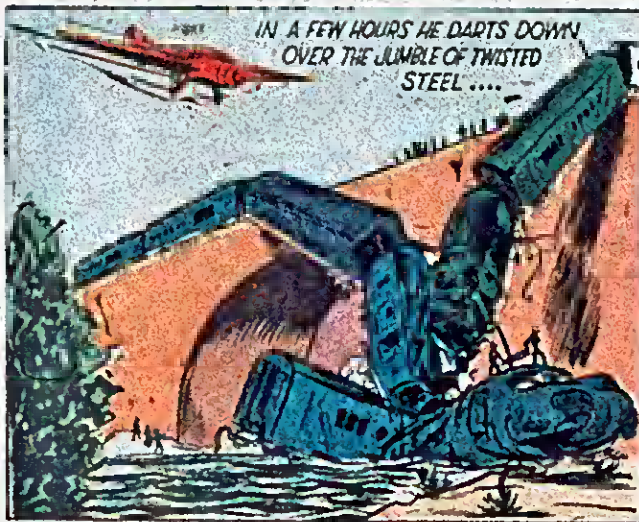
FOR MANY HOURS THE LITTLE SHIP HUNG EASTWARD OVER MANCHUKUO AND ON OVER THE PACIFIC, STOPPING ONLY TO REFUEL....



JUST IN FROM CHINA, EH? GUESS YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THE WRECK ON THE UNION-PORT WESTERN LINE, THEN? THE CRACK STREAMLINER JUST CRACKED UP NEAR SHERIDAN, WYOMING!



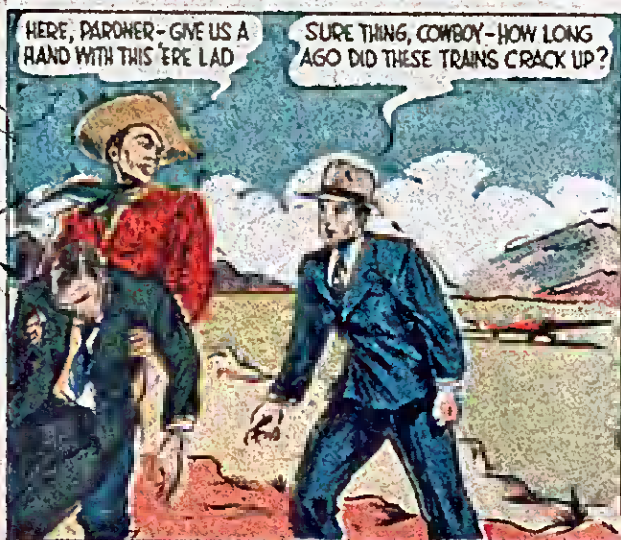
BACK IN HIS SHIP, SOARING EASTWARD AGAIN, AMAN DECIDES, ON A HUNCH, TO INVESTIGATE THE WRECK.



IN A FEW HOURS HE DARTS DOWN OVER THE JUMBLE OF TWISTED STEEL

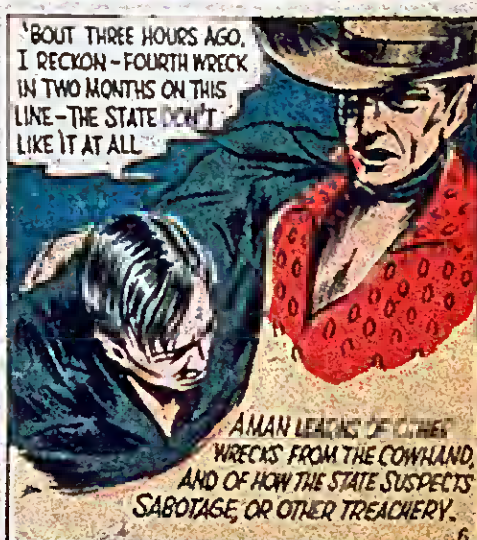


AND SETTLES THE LITTLE PLANE ON AN ADJACENT CLEARING



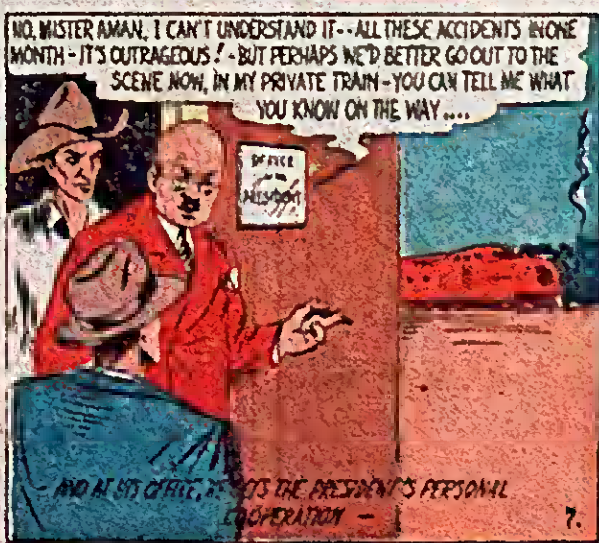
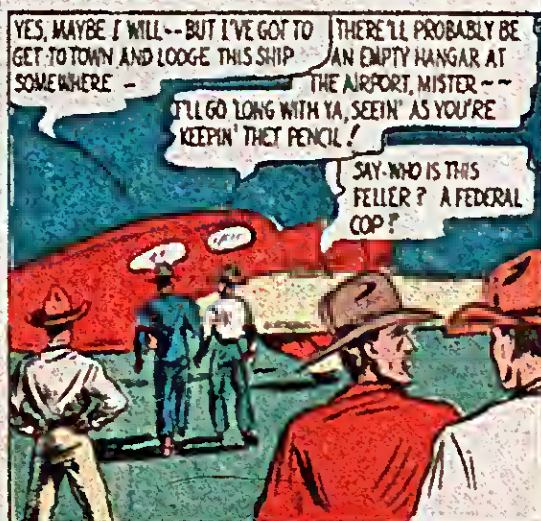
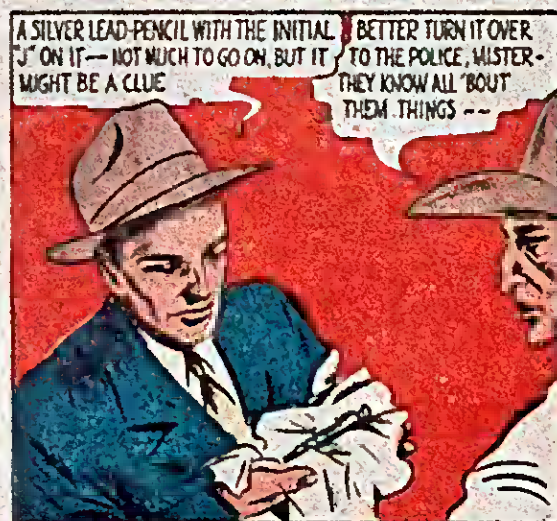
HERE, PAROHER - GIVE US A HAND WITH THIS 'ERE LAD

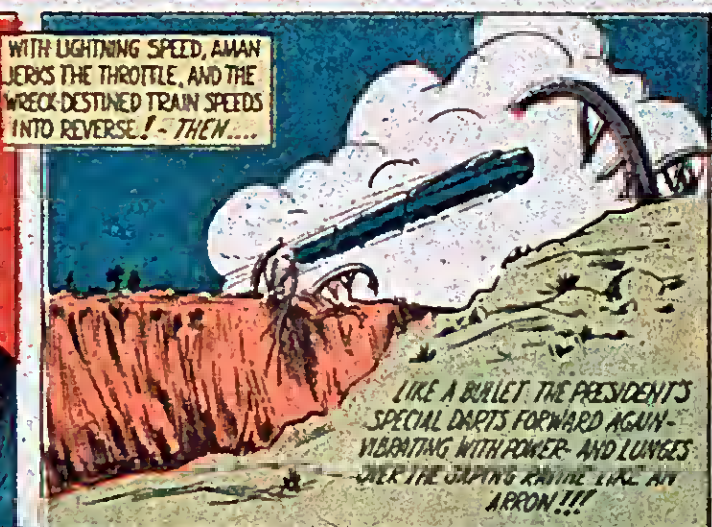
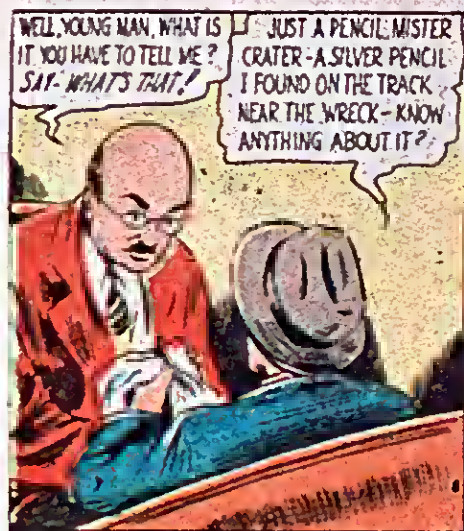
SURE THING, COWBOY - HOW LONG AGO DID THESE TRAINS CRACK UP?

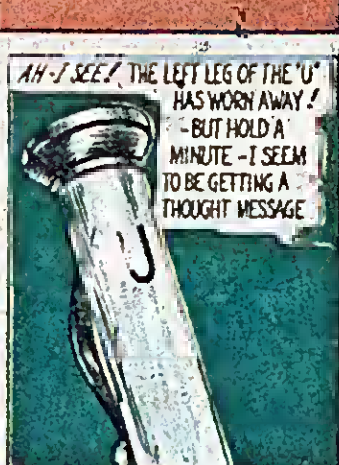
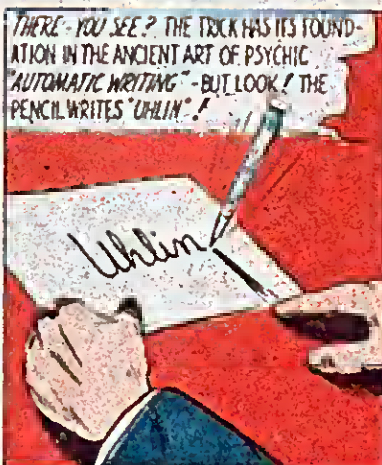
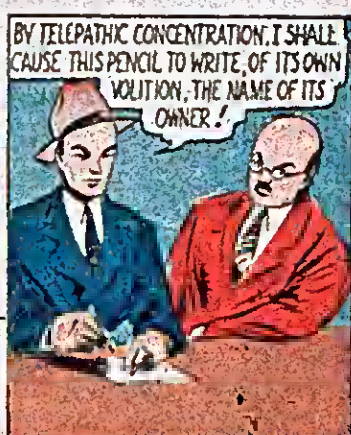
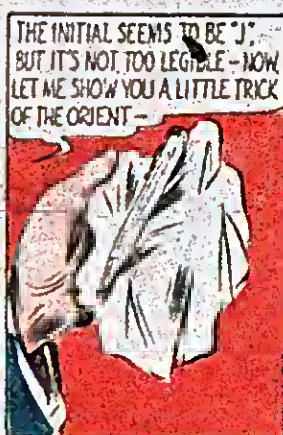


'BOUT THREE HOURS AGO. I RECKON - FOURTH WRECK IN TWO MONTHS ON THIS LINE - THE STATE DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL

AMAN LEANS OF OTHER WRECKS FROM THE COWHAND, AND OF HOW THE STATE SUSPECTS SABOTAGE, OR OTHER TREACHERY.



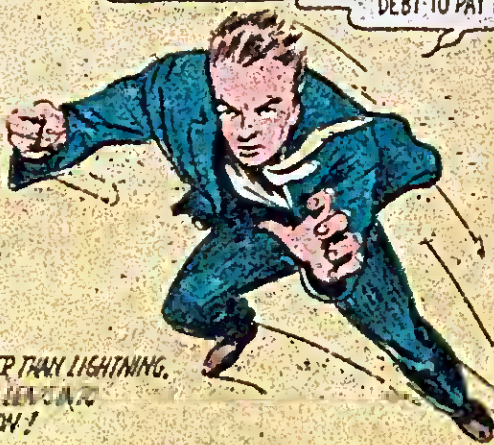




OH, IT WON'T, EH? WELL, MR. AMAN, THE RAILROAD DOESN'T NEED THE LIKES OF YOU BUTTING INTO ITS AFFAIRS! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MR. AMAN!!!

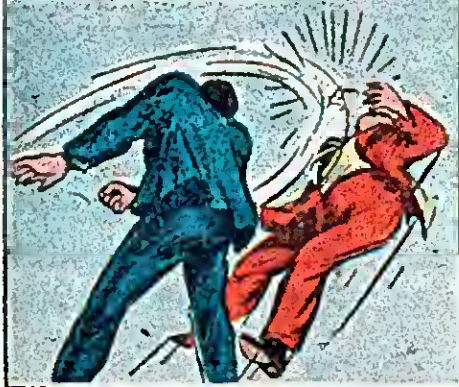


OH NO! WE'RE NOT SAYING GOODBYE YET! YOU HAVE A DEBT TO PAY FIRST!



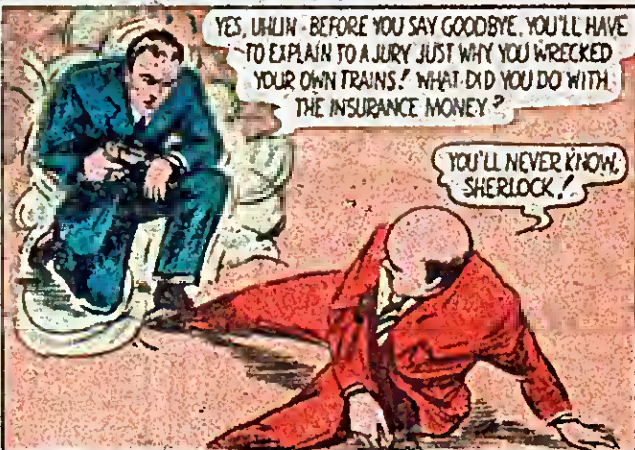
FASTER THAN LIGHTNING.
NOW HE'S IN ACTION!

AND WITH A POWERFUL BLOW, SENDS THE CRIMINAL PRESIDENT SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR!



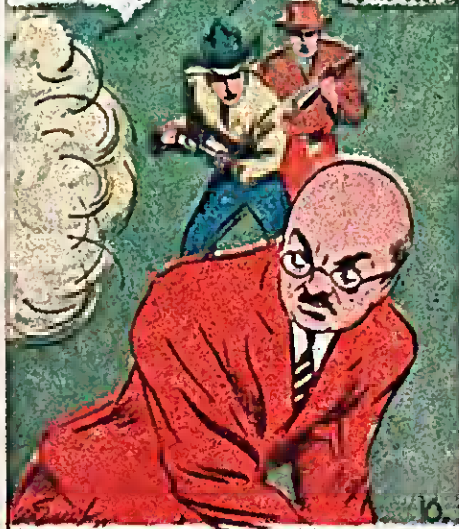
YES, UHLIN - BEFORE YOU SAY GOODBYE, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO A JURY JUST WHY YOU WRECKED YOUR OWN TRAINS! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE INSURANCE MONEY?

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, SHERLOCK!



PARDON ME WHILE I FADE OUT, UHLIN! TELL THESE LADS ABOUT IT!

ALL RIGHT, CRATER - WE HEARD YOU! WILL YOU COME PEACEFULLY?



NEVER!



TOO BAD, OLD BOY - WELL, THAT FINISHES THAT!



AND SO - AMAN HAS STARTED HIS WORLD-WIDE CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME - BUT WHAT OF THE "GREAT QUESTION"? WILL HIS INFLUENCE DOMINATE AMAN IN THE NEXT ADVENTURE? WATCH FOR IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "AMAZING MAN COMICS"!

The CAT MAN

BY TRAFF HILLS



IN THE SUMPTUOUS OFFICE OF STEVE HARRIGAN, BOSS POLITICIAN --

WHA--WHO? BARTON STONE?
WELL--THIS IS A
SURPRISE! WHERE
HAVE-ER-WHEN
DID YOU GET OUT?



WELL, YUH SEE, OLD MAN,
I-ER-HAVE AN IMPORTANT
MEETING AT THE--
HUH?? OH-ER.
O.K. YEH! I'LL
GET IN TOUCH
WITH THE
OTHERS!



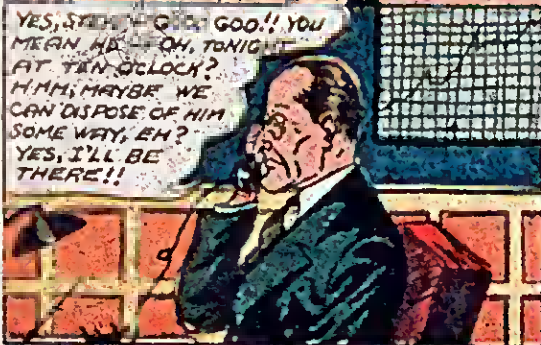
AND IN THE WALL STREET OFFICE OF ROGER WATSON HAMMOND, STOCK BROKER--

OH, HELLO, STEVE, WHAT??
I THOUGHT HE DIED
IN--EH? CRIPES!
TONIGHT AT TEN
O'CLOCK? RIGHT--
SEE YOU
THERE!

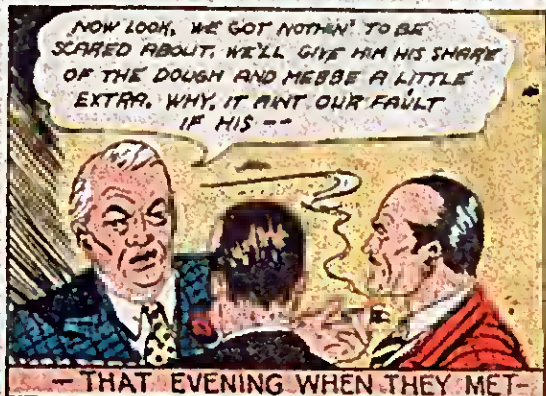


AND IN THE HANDSOME REAL ESTATE
OFFICES OF LIONEL ALACK--

YES, STEVE--O.K. GOOD!! YOU
MEAN HE--OH, TONIGHT
AT TEN O'CLOCK?
HMM, MAYBE WE
CAN DISPOSE OF HIM
SOME WAY, EH?
YES, I'LL BE
THERE!!



NOW LOOK, WE GOT NOTHIN' TO BE
SCARED ABOUT, WE'LL GIVE HIM HIS SHARE
OF THE DOUGH AND MESS A LITTLE
EXTRA. WHY, IT AINT OUR FAULT
IF HIS --



-- THAT EVENING WHEN THEY MET --

GOOD EVENING,
GENTLEMEN! WELL--
YOU DON'T SEEM VERY
ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT
SEEING ME AFTER
ALL THESE TWENTY
LONG YEARS!!



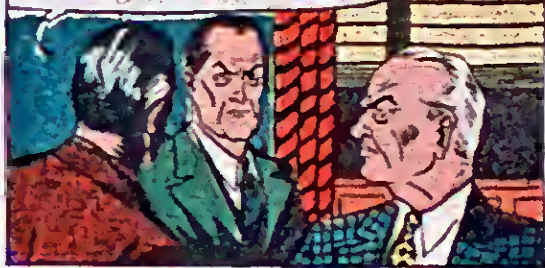
--- A 'STRANGER' CALLED ---

WHY, BART, OLD BOY,
SURE, WE'RE GLAD TO
SEE YUH, TINKLED
T'DEATH! IT'S
JUST THAT-ER--

THAT YOU DON'T
EXPECT TO
SEE ME
ALIVE!



WELL-- A LOT OF WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE YOU WERE CALLED 'CHUCK' HARRIGAN-- AND OUR OLD FRIEND, 'BLACKIE', BIG REAL ESTATE MAN NOWS EH?



AND OF COURSE-- 'SLICK' HARRISON! MY, MY-- YOU GENTLEMEN CERTAINLY MADE PROGRESS DURING THESE PAST TWENTY YEARS!!



HERE, LET ME GIVE YUH A SWIG A THIS, BART-- SAY NOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE CELEBRATION, WADATTA SAY, FELLERS?

SORT OF A COMING-OUT PARTY, EH?

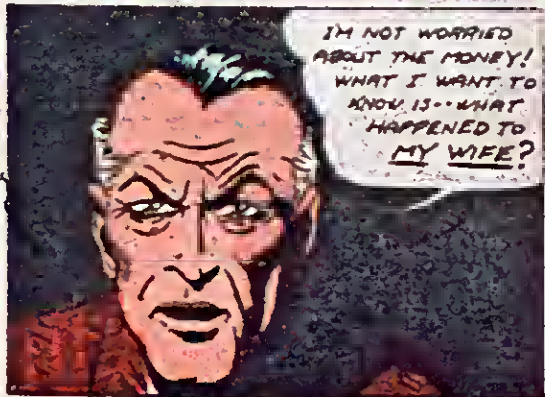


BUT, I'M NOT INTERESTED IN CELEBRATIONS, I'M INTERESTED IN--

YEH! YEH! YUH GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, BART. WE KEPT YOUR DOUGH FOR YUH! A NICE LITTLE NEST EGG THAT'S BEEN COLLECTIN' INTEREST EVER SINCE YUH--

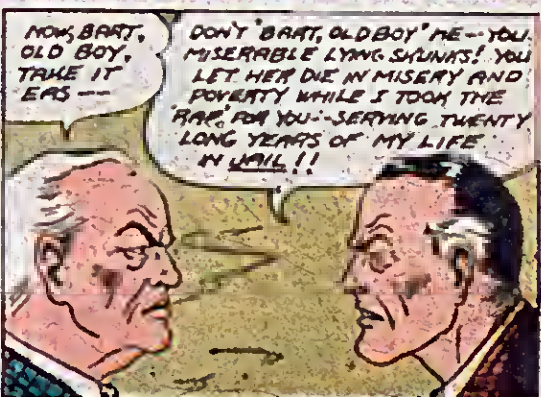


I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE MONEY! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS-- WHAT HAPPENED TO MY WIFE?



NOW, BART, OLD BOY, TAKE IT EASY--

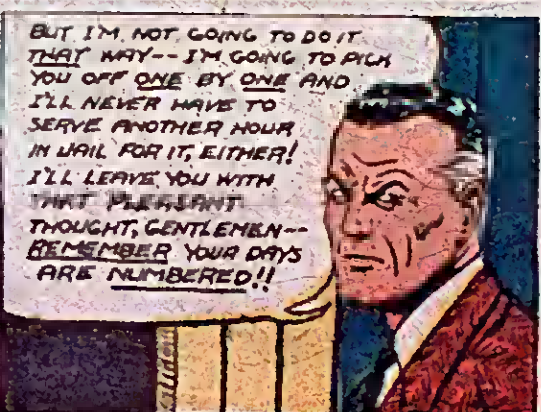
DON'T 'BART, OLD BOY' ME-- YOU MISERABLE LYING SLYNKS! YOU LET HER DIE IN MISERY AND POVERTY WHILE I TOOK THE 'RAE' FOR YOU-- SERVING TWENTY LONG YEARS OF MY LIFE IN JAIL!!



PUT UP THE HARDNAME, 'SLICK', DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I HAVE A LITTLE GADGET IN MY POCKET THAT WILL BLOW EVERY BLASTED ONE OF YOU TO ETERNITY!



BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT THAT WAY-- I'M GOING TO PICK YOU OFF ONE BY ONE AND I'LL NEVER HAVE TO SERVE ANOTHER HOUR IN JAIL FOR IT, EITHER! I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH THAT PLEASANT THOUGHT, GENTLEMEN-- REMEMBER YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED!!



ONE YEAR LATER...IN AN ARISTOCRATIC OLD BRICK STONE HOUSE, AN ELDERLY LADY RECEIVES A VISITOR...

DEAR, DEAR, IT'S PERFECTLY LOVELY OF YOU TO VISIT ME PERSONALLY, MR. HARRIGAN! AS I WROTE YOU, I'M THINKING OF HAVING MY LAWYER DRAW UP A WILL LEAVING MY ESTATE TO YOUR CHARITY ORGANIZATION!



YOU SEE, I'M GETTING ON IN YEARS AND --

NOW, NOW, MAM, LET'S HOPE YUH LIVE T'BE A HUNDRED-- BUT-- LIKE I SAY, YUH COULDN'T LEAVE YEA DOUGH TO A BETTER CAUSE!



WELL, I'LL BE SEEN' YUH, MAM, AN IF YUH NEED A LAWYER-- OWNN, LEGGO!

MERCY! DID HE SCRATCH YOU? DEAR, DEAR-- NAUGHTY PUSSY!



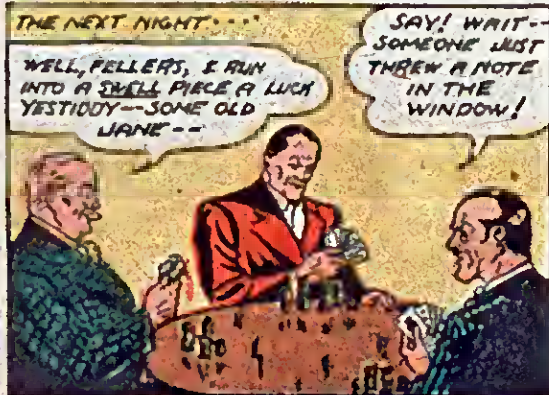
H-MM! I'D BETTER WASH YOUR CLAWS! TEE-HEE! NAUGHTY PUSSY!!



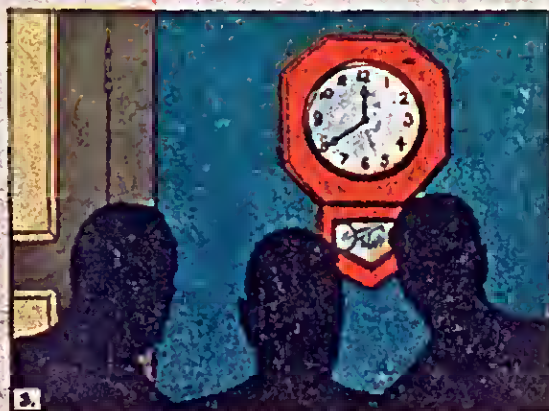
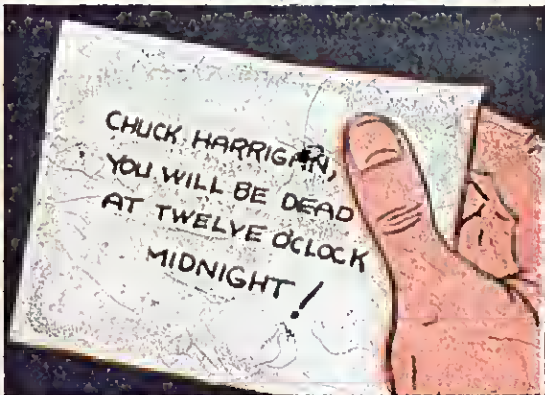
THE NEXT NIGHT...

WELL, FELLERS, I RUN INTO A SWELL PIECE A LUCK YESTIDDY-- SOME OLD JANE--

SAY! WAIT-- SOMEONE JUST THREW A NOTE IN THE WINDOW!

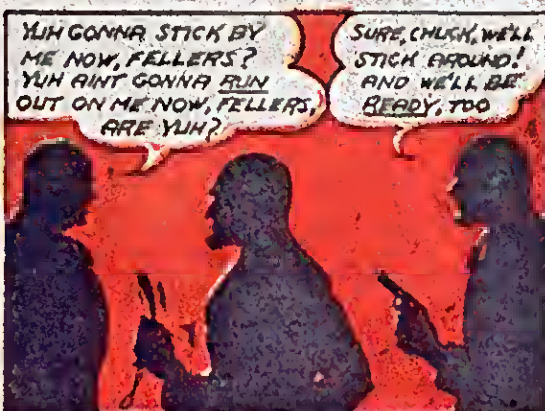


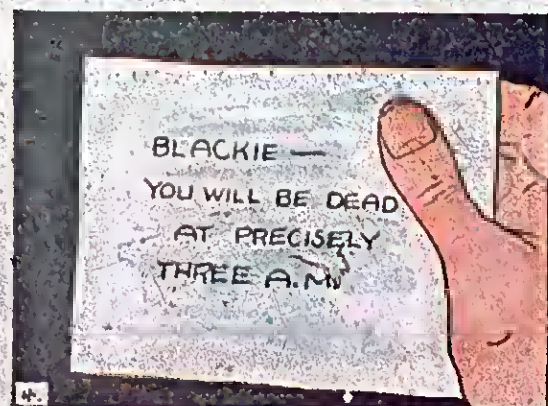
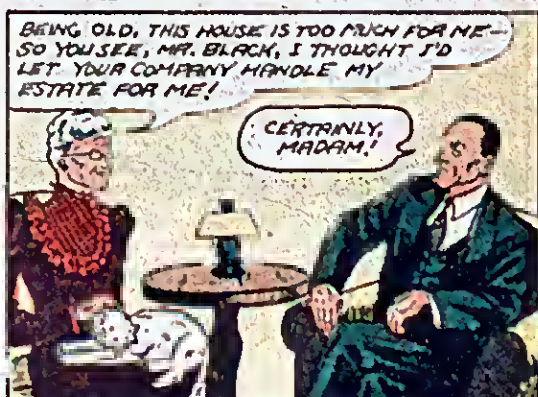
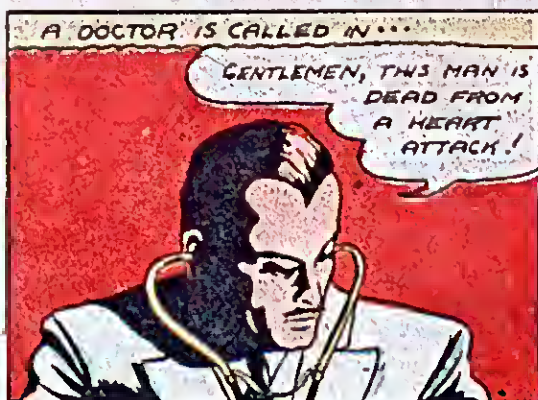
CHUCK HARRIGAN,
YOU WILL BE DEAD
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK
MIDNIGHT!

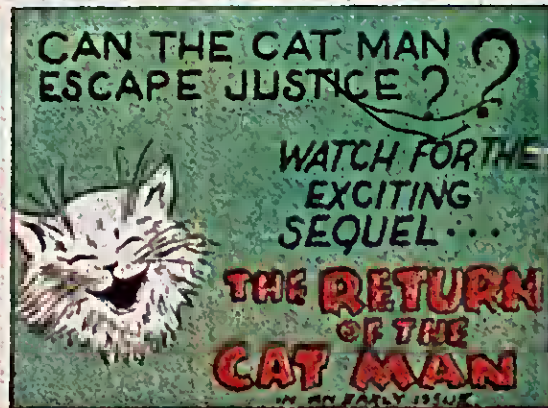
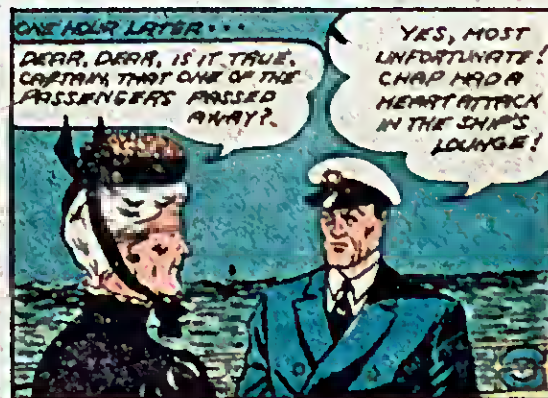
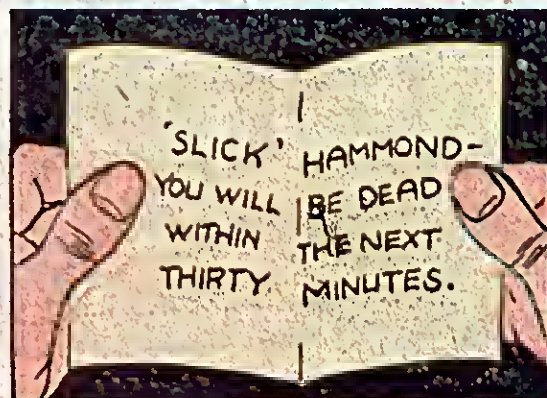
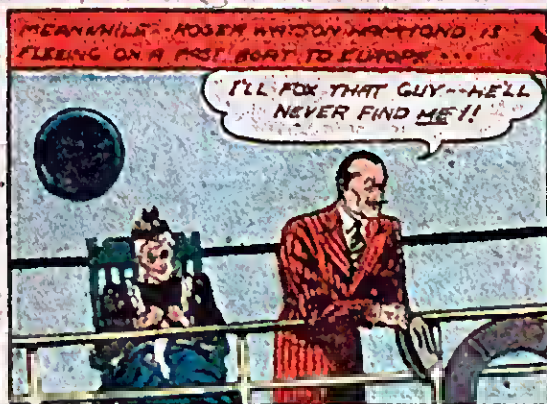


YUH GONNA STICK BY ME NOW, FELLERS? YUH AINT GONNA RUN OUT ON ME NOW, FELLERS, ARE YUH?

SURE, CHUCK, WE'LL STICK AROUND! AND WE'LL BE READY, TOO







a
COMPLETE
STORY



Featuring
**Jack
Rhodes**
by
RILEY



THE CUSTOM-JUMPERS RECEIVE
THEIR CARGO OUTSIDE THE
12 MILE LIMIT



WASHINGTON REPORTS THAT THERE ARE NO
NAVY-SUBMARINES IN THAT VICINITY. THEREFORE
I WANT YOU TO GO AT ONCE AND
INVESTIGATE THE CASE



-AT HIS DESTINATION
RHODES LOSES NO TIME...

HELLO RHODES I RECEIVED
YOUR WIRE THAT YOU
WERE COMING

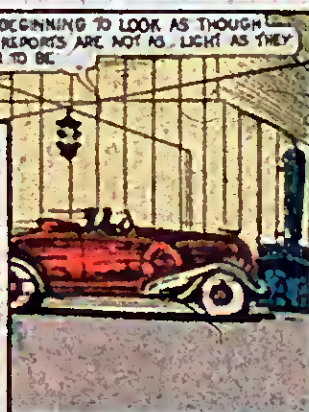
HELLO INSPECTOR



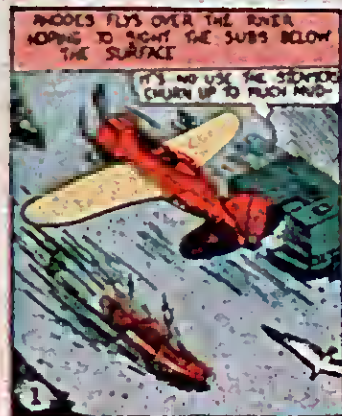
FIRST I WANT TO QUESTION THOSE
WHO HAVE SEEN THESE TWO BOATS



YES SIR I SAW A SUB A FEW
TIMES BUT I THOUGHT
IT WAS A NAVY CRAFT



IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK AS THOUGH
THESE REPORTS ARE NOT AS LIGHT AS THEY
SEEM TO BE

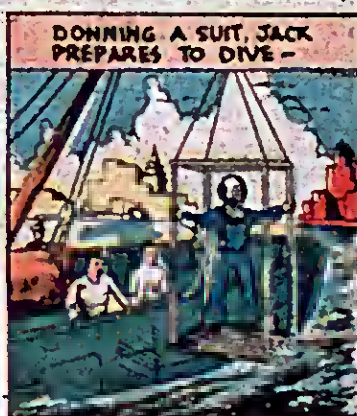


RHODES FLIES OVER THE RIVER
HOPING TO SIGHT THE SUBS BELOW
THE SURFACE

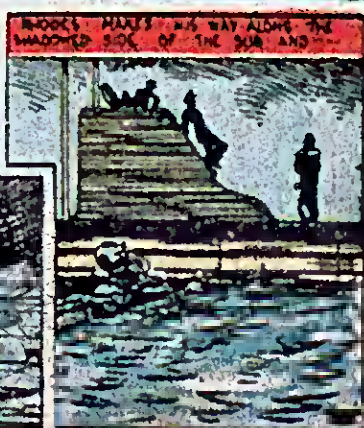
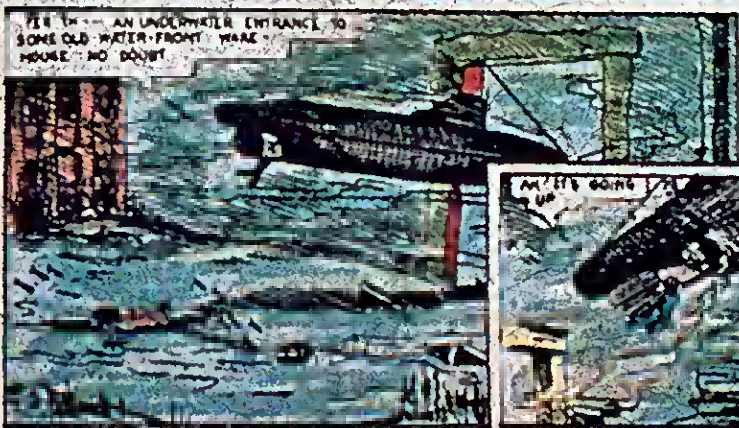
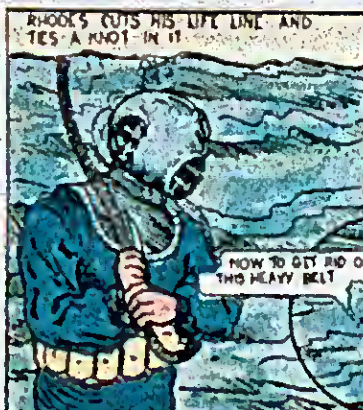
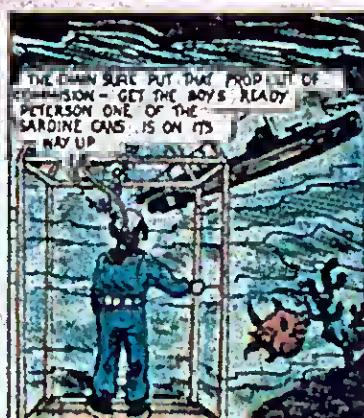
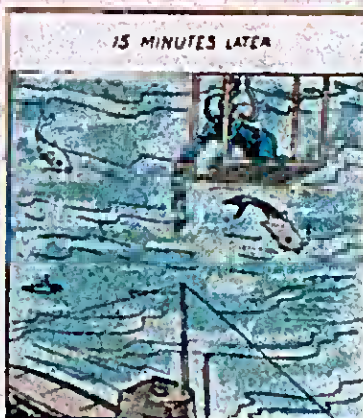
IT'S NO USE THE SEARCHER
CHURN UP TOO MUCH MUD-

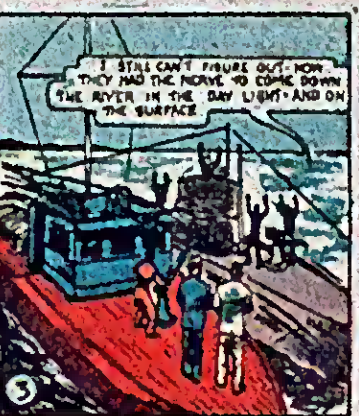
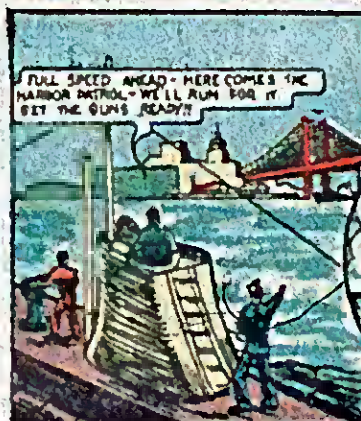
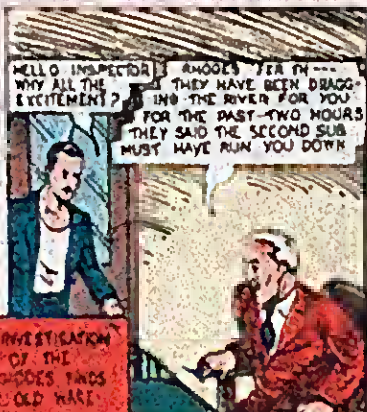
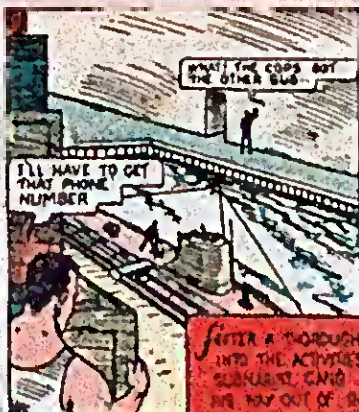


THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND
OUT THAT IS TO GO DOWN AFTER
THEM IN A DIVING SUIT



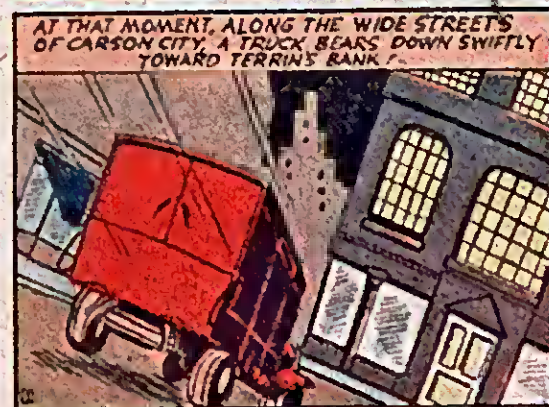
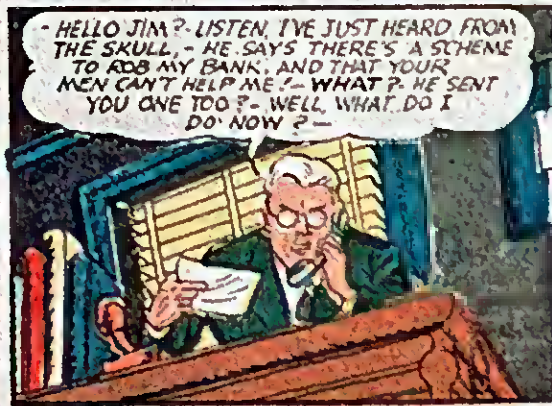
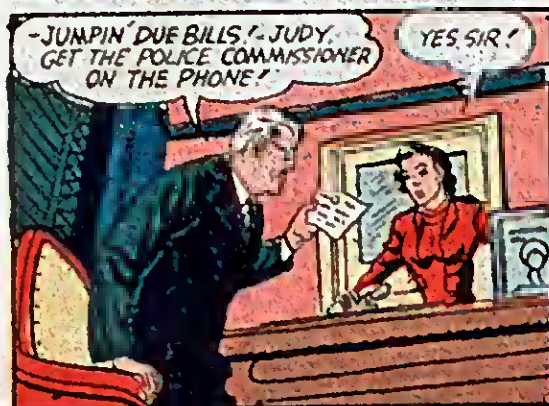
DONNING A SUIT, JACK
PREPARES TO DIVE -



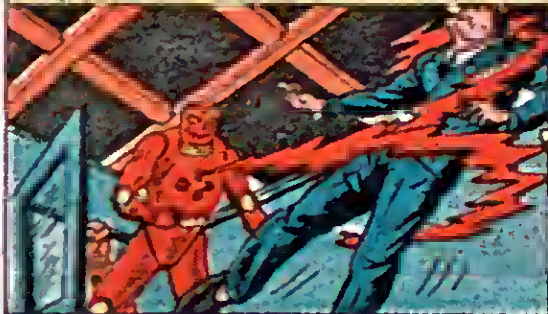


THE IRON SKULL

by CARL BURGOS

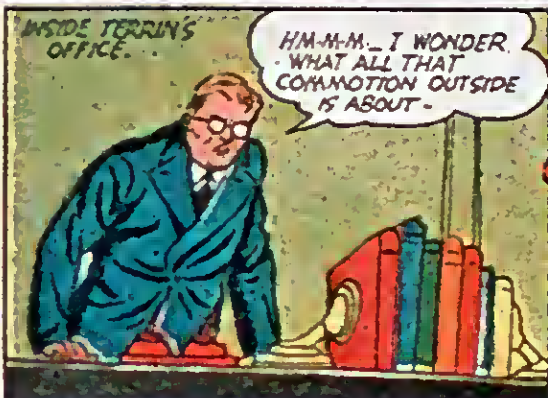


26 THE GUARD AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE
TURNS. ONE OF THE FIGURES LETS LOOSE
A SPURT OF HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY.

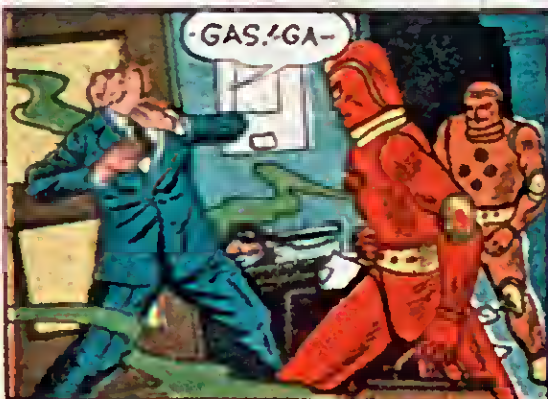


INSIDE TERRIN'S
OFFICE.

HM-M-M... I WONDER
WHAT ALL THAT
COMMOTION OUTSIDE
IS ABOUT.



GAS! GA-



THEY MOVING WITH EASE THE TWO ROBOTS ENTER
THE BANK PROPER AND INSTANTLY SQUIRT
A GREEN GAS THAT IMMEDIATELY BECKONS
THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS TO A MOST
HORRIBLE END.



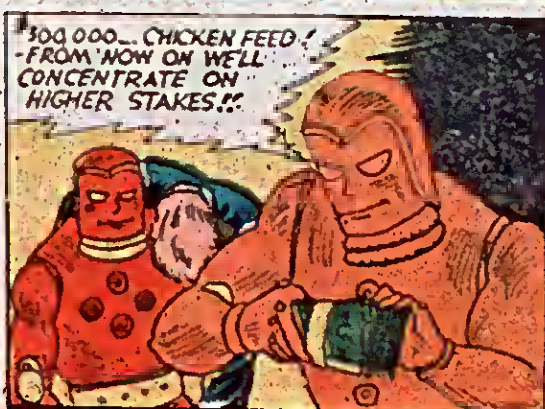
LIFT TERRIN UP AND TAKE HIM
WITH YOU. AND NOW FOR THE
VAULT. -- AH, THERE IT IS! --

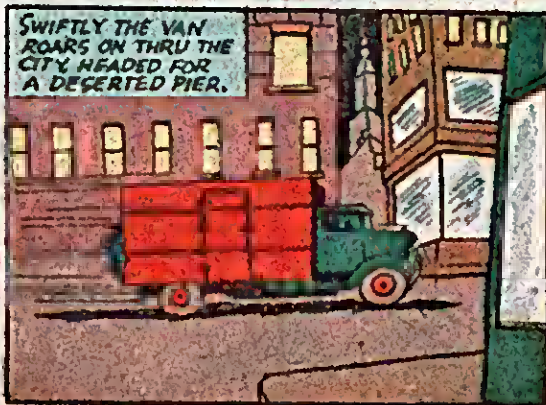
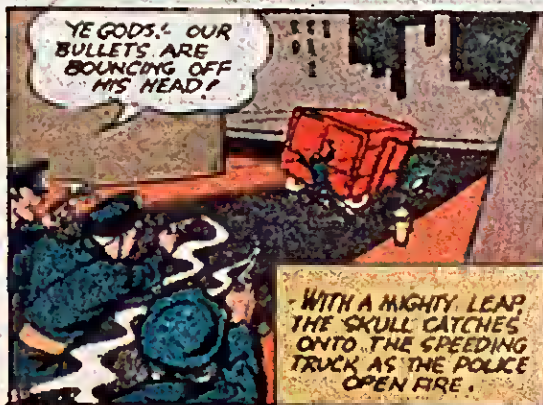
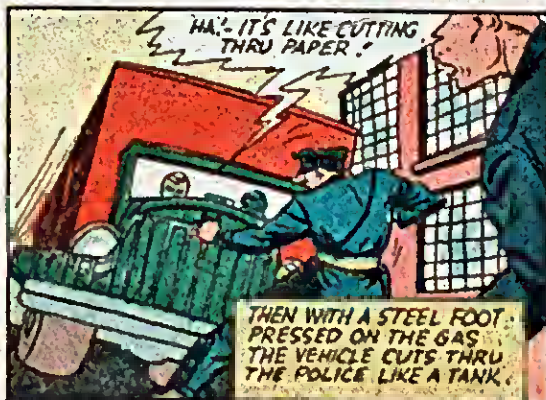
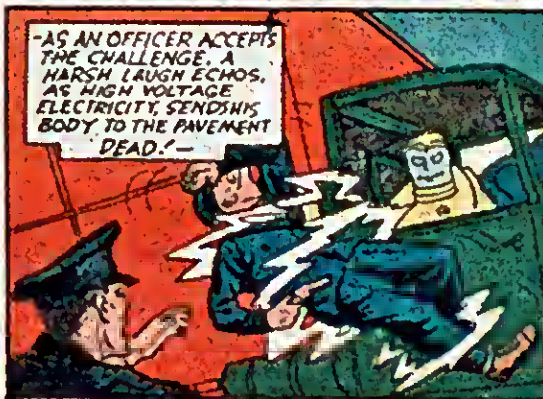
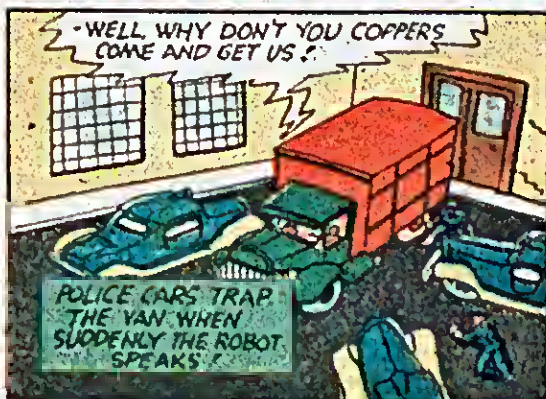
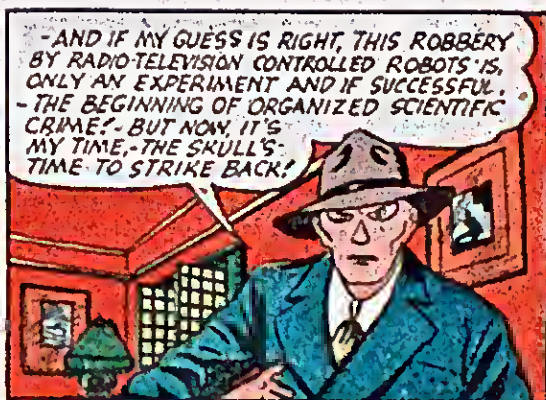
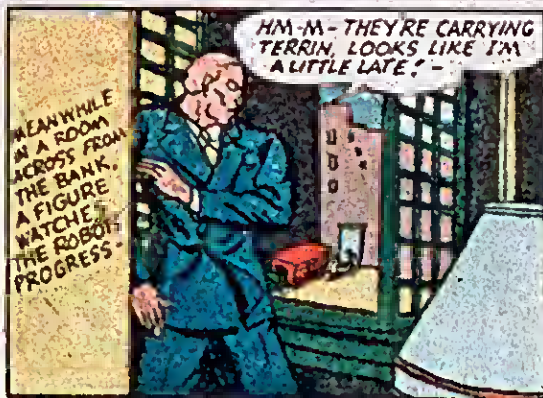


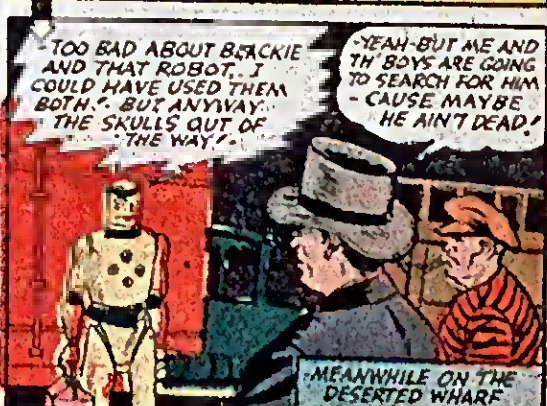
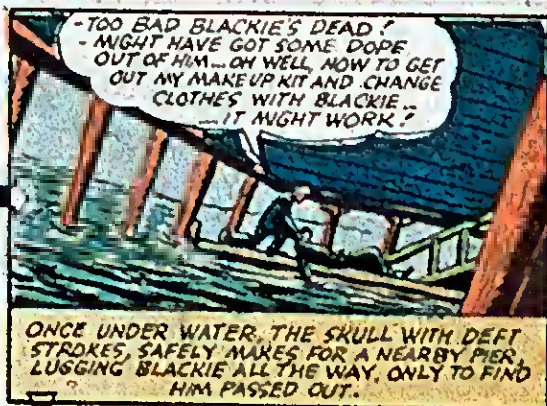
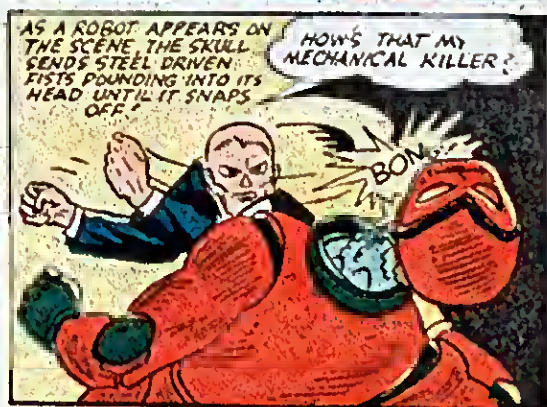
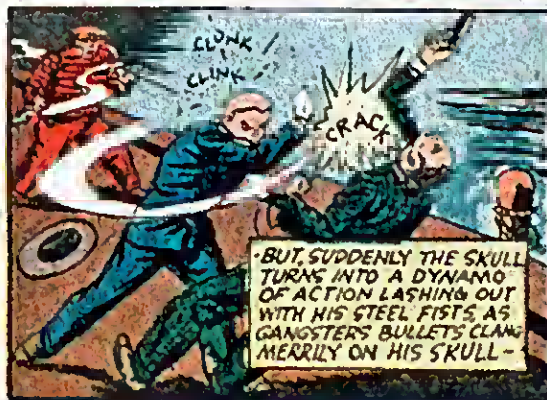
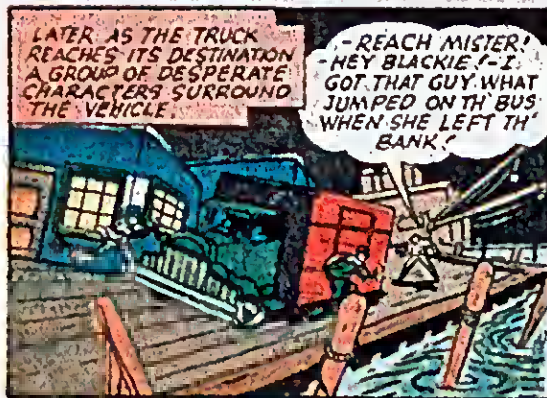
-IT'S GOT A TIME LOCK!
OH WELL, I WAS PREPARED
FOR THAT.

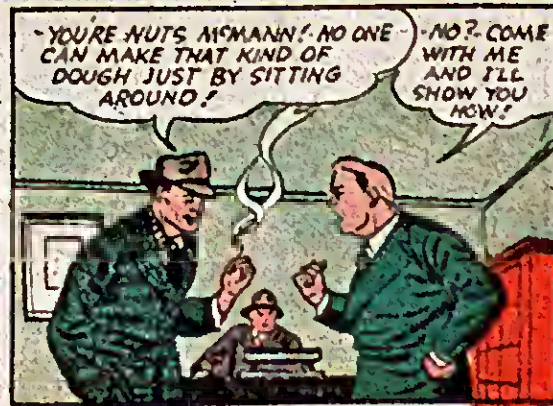
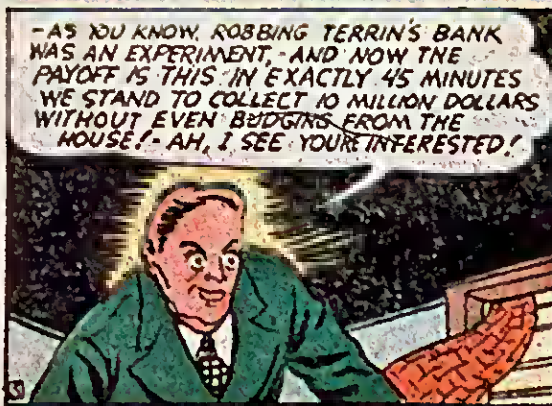
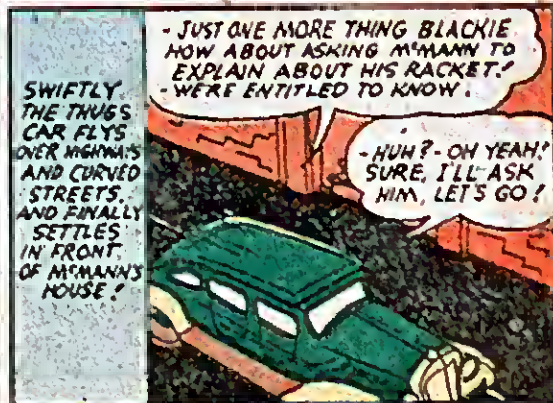
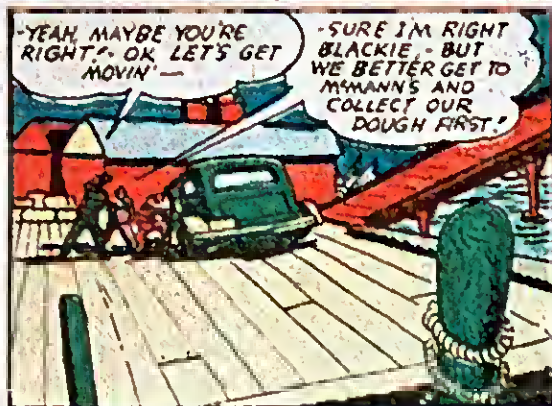


300,000... CHICKEN FEED!
FROM NOW ON WE'LL
CONCENTRATE ON
HIGHER STAKES!!









McMANN LEAD
BLACKIE
THRU A SERIES
OF DOORS
DOWN STEPS
AND FINALLY
INTO A HUGE
SCIENTIFICALLY
EQUIPPED ROOM
WHERE
MACHINERY
BURSTS INTO
ACTION!

"YOU SEE BLACKIE THOSE MECH
SPIDERS YOUR MEN SPREAD
THROUGHOUT THE CITY'S
SEWER SYSTEM, ARE NOW
COMING TO LIFE!
WATCH THE TELEVISION
SCREEN WHILE I CONTROL
THEM!"

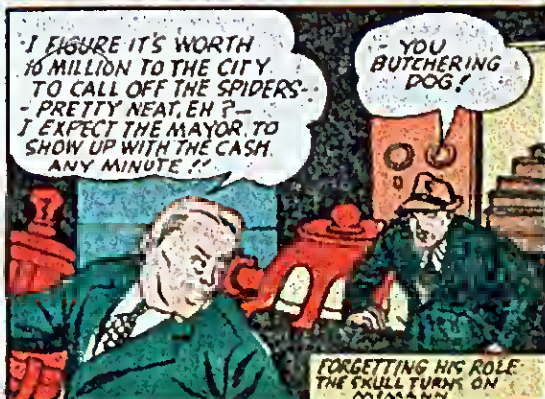


YEOW! THOSE THINGS
ARE EATING
PEOPLE!

-AS THE SKULL, DISGUISED AS BLACKIE, PEERS
INTO THE SCREEN, A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREET'S
HIS EYES AS HE NOTES HUGE SPIDER MECH'S
POURING FROM THE CITY'S SEWERS-



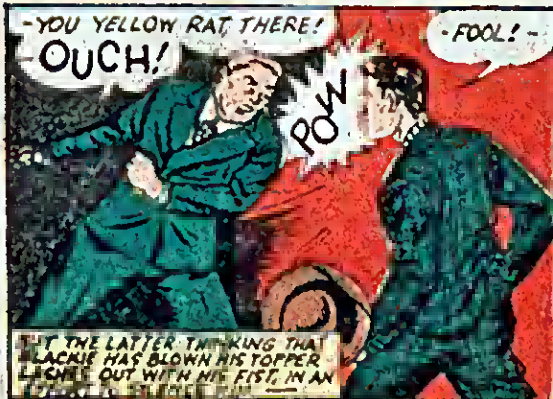
AN OFFICER ATTRACTED BY THE MONSTERS
EMPTY'S HIS SERVICE GUN AT THEM, ONLY TO
BE DEVoured IN A SHORT WHILE!- THEN -
McMANN EXPLAINS THAT THROUGH THESE SPIDER
THE CITY SHALL AT FULL WELL, TO STOP THE
WAVE OF TERRORS



"I FIGURE IT'S WORTH
10 MILLION TO THE CITY
TO CALL OFF THE SPIDERS-
PRETTY NEAT, EH? -
I EXPECT THE MAYOR TO
SHOW UP WITH THE CASH
ANY MINUTE!"

- YOU
BUTCHERING
DOG!

FORGETTING HIS ROLE
THE SKULL TURNS ON
McMANN!



-YOU YELLOW RAT THERE!
OUCH!

-FOOL!-

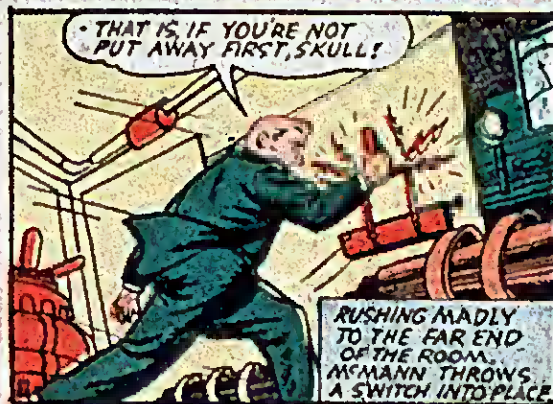
POW

BUT THE LATTER THINKING THAT
BLACKIE HAS BLOWN HIS TOPPER
LUNGES OUT WITH HIS FIST, IN AN
EFFORT TO STOP HIM



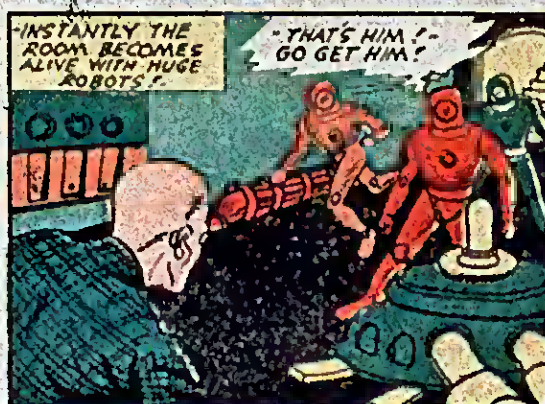
-YOU BUSTED YOUR HAND ON MY JAW!
-BUT THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT YOUR
OUTFIT WILL BE WHEN I'M THRU!-

-WHIPPING OUT A
HANDKERCHIEF, THE
SKULL REMOVES HIS
MASQUERADE!



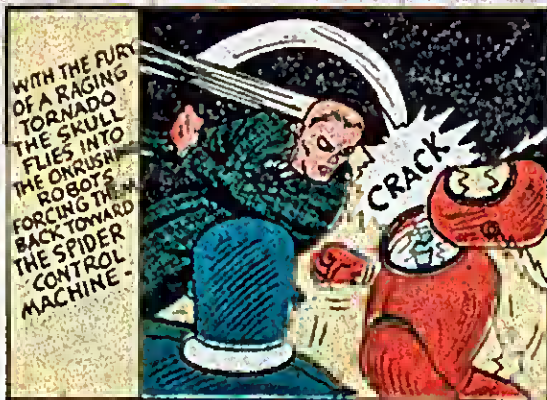
-THAT IS, IF YOU'RE NOT
PUT AWAY FIRST, SKULL!

RUSHING MADLY
TO THE FAR END
OF THE ROOM,
McMANN THROWS
A SWITCH INTO PLACE



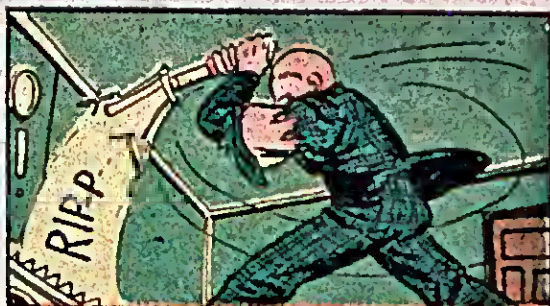
-INSTANTLY THE
ROOM BECOMES
ALIVE WITH HUGE
ROBOTS-

-THAT'S HIM! -
GO GET HIM!

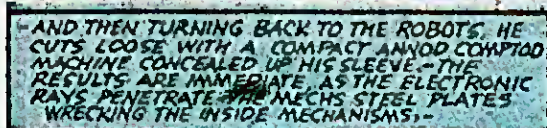


WITH THE FURY OF A RAGING TORNADO THE SKULL FLIES INTO THE ONRUSHING ROBOTS FORCING THEM BACK TOWARD THE SPIDER CONTROL MACHINE.

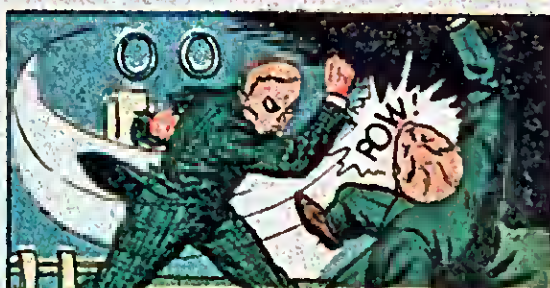
CRACK



LIKE A ONE MAN ARMY TANK THE SKULL SMASHES THRU THE STEEL CORDON UNTIL HE REACHES THE CONTROLLING APPARATUS. THEN WITH A DESPERATE YANK RIPS THE SWITCH FROM PLACE



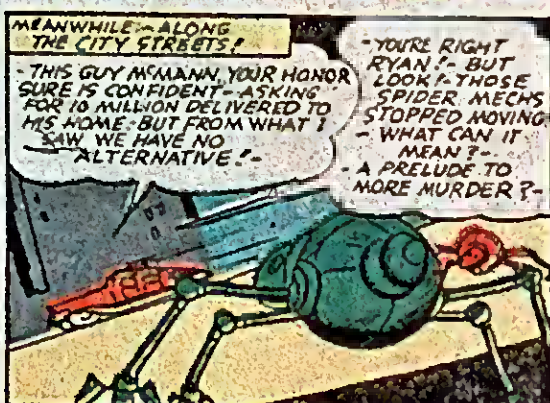
AND THEN TURNING BACK TO THE ROBOTS, HE CUTS LOOSE WITH A COMPACT ANNOY COMPTON MACHINE CONCEALED UP HIS SLEEVE. THE RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE, AS THE ELECTRONIC RAYS PENETRATE THE MECHS STEEL PLATES WRECKING THE INSIDE MECHANISMS.



McMANN SEEING THIS, LOSES HIS REASONING POWER, AS HE RUSHES THE SKULL, A STEEL FIST CRACKS HIS JAW!



HM-M. PASSED OUT!- BUT WHEN YOU AWAKE McMANN, AND SEE THE SIGN OF THE SKULL ON YOUR FOREHEAD, YOU'LL KNOW THAT EVEN SCIENTIFIC CRIME DOES NOT PAY.



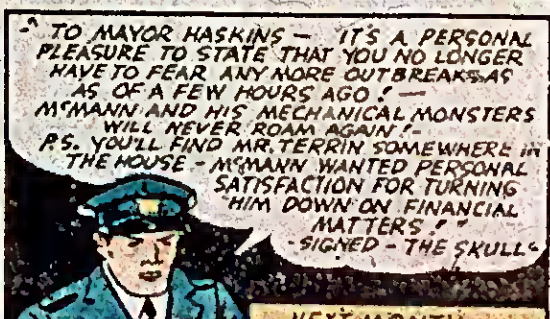
MEANWHILE-ALONG THE CITY STREETS!

- THIS GUY McMANN, YOUR HONOR SURE IS CONFIDENT- ASKING FOR 10 MILLION DELIVERED TO HIS HOME- BUT FROM WHAT I SAW WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE!-

- YOU'RE RIGHT RYAN!- BUT LOOK!- THOSE SPIDER MECHS STOPPED MOVING- WHAT CAN IT MEAN?- A PRELUDE TO MORE MURDER?-



- HERE HE IS RYAN!- WHAT TH- HE'S CHAINED TO A TANK- LOOK THERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO HIS CHEST!



TO MAYOR HASKINS - IT'S A PERSONAL PLEASURE TO STATE THAT YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO FEAR ANY MORE OUTBREAKS AS OF A FEW HOURS AGO! - McMANN AND HIS MECHANICAL MONSTERS WILL NEVER ROAM AGAIN! - P.S. YOU'LL FIND MR. TERRIN SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE - McMANN WANTED PERSONAL SATISFACTION FOR TURNING HIM DOWN ON FINANCIAL MATTERS! - SIGNED - THE SKULL



LATER AS THE MAYOR REACHES McMANN'S HOUSE, HE'S SURPRISED TO FIND IT EMPTY - EXCEPT FOR THE LAB.



NEXT MONTH ANOTHER COMPLETE "IRON SKULL" PICTURE STORY!

STRANGER THAN FICTION

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE PEOPLE IN RUSSIA STILL DO NOT KNOW THAT CZARIST RULE HAS ENDED...



ALL LIONS BECOME PANIC-STRIKEN, RUN AWAY, WHEN THEY SEE SPIDERS.



THE LADY WHO HAS PLAYED CROQUET EVERY DAY FOR 32 YEARS - MRS. JAMES GREER, WIFE OF THE MAYOR OF GREENPORT, MISSISSIPPI...

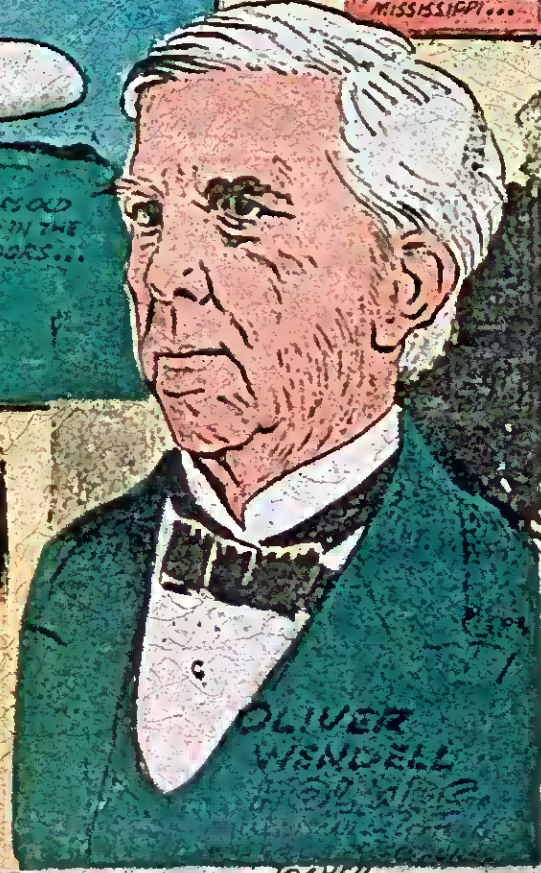


"SKIS" 6,000 YEARS OLD HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THE SWEDISH DOORS...



HENRY LEWIS OF SAYVILLE, NEW YORK, A PROFESSIONAL FLOWER-GROWER, GROWN A ROSE-PLANT IN HIS HAIR...1924.

THE MAN WHO WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD WHILE MAKING A SPEECH (THE BULLET ENTERED JUST ABOVE HIS RIGHT EYE, CAME OUT BACK OF HIS LEFT EAR) AND WENT ON SPEAKING, NEVER SUFFERED ANY PAIN OR ILL EFFECTS...JOSEPH FRANKLIN, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 1883.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

JOCKEY...



THE TIGER WHICH IS KNOWN TO HAVE KILLED 122 PERSONS...BHOPAL, INDIA, 1891-96.

The tiger was in the habit of building small cottages, killing and carrying off women and children. Locals called his house with dirt, painted wood, raised them within some months by forcing. He still has three of the same preserved in a house.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

THE CAT WHICH SUCKLED
SIX RATS--ON HENRY
MORTONSON'S FARM IN
SALT VALLEY, IDAHO

!!!



THE MINISTER
WHO RETIRED
AT THE AGE
OF 73 TO
BECOME A
VETERINARIAN--
THE REV. MARTIN
BLUE, KINDERHOOK,
NEW YORK, 1906...

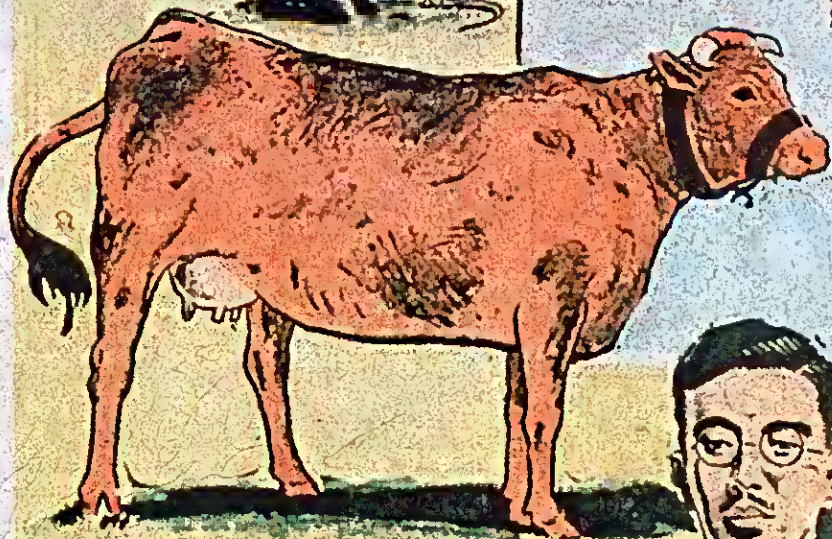


BLUEHOSE

IS THE ONLY TOWN
IN KANSAS WHICH
VOTED AGAINST
PROHIBITION IN THE
1914 STATE
REFERENDUM!



HENRY RAVIGOTTI
REMARIED HIS
"WIDOW" 22 YEARS
AFTER HIS OWN
"DEATH" ROME, ITALY
1920...



THERE ARE
STILL 2,400
COWS WITHIN THE
LIMITS OF
NEW YORK CITY



GEORGE
DUDLEY
OF OTTAWA,
SERVED IN
FRANCE WITH
THE CANADIAN
ARMY FOR SEVEN
MONTHS BEFORE
AUTHORITIES DISCOVERED THAT
HE WAS ONLY 13 YEARS OLD...
AND SENT HIM HOME. (1915-16)



THE SERMON THAT LASTED 12 HOURS
AND 10 MINUTES--AT WASHINGTON,
D.C. JUNE 7, 1931--PREACHED BY THE
REV. G. B. BROWN OF MOUNT ZION
BAPTIST CHURCH. HE SAID 8,714
WORDS, ESTABLISHING A WORLD
RECORD. (THANKS--DANIEL CARTER)



TWO-FIFTHS OF THE
MOON'S SURFACE
HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN
FROM THE EARTH...



MRS. CLARISSA BONTALIA
OF NAPLES, ITALY,
HAD THREE SETS
OF TWINS IN
25 MONTHS--1931-33.

NO HUMAN HAND MAY
TOUCH THE EMPEROR OF
JAPAN...WHICH MAKES
IT HARD FOR DENTISTS,
DOCTORS AND BARBERS.
TAILORS MUST MEASURE
SUITS BY GUESSING!



Young Dudley saw more than a month of action, would have been decorated for heroism had he remained with his regiment two months longer. Curious feature of the case was that Dudley was not large for his age, looked like a boy of 12.

THE TRAGIC NOTE

An Amazing Man Story

What Can You Do With a Powerful Voice? Aman Was Given The Test That Stilled a Life . . .

By Matty Point



"AMAN", the beautiful creature asked the Amazing Man, "won't you please sing for us that Cantata Unica?"

Ordinarily, it would have been difficult to deny a girl such as this one the simple favor of singing a beautiful song, and we all expected Aman to begin.

"I don't think I can oblige you," replied Aman to the girl.

"Why, Aman!" the girl was plainly disappointed.

"Forgive me, but I cannot sing the Cantata. It is too awful . . ." explained Aman.

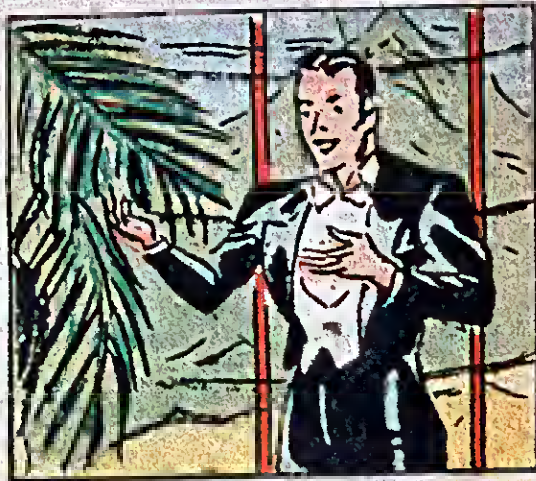
"But the Cantata is the most soothing and ethereal song in the universe," said the girl. "How can you, of all people, say it is awful?"

"I will explain," returned Aman, in his precise, musical voice.

Of course, we were all disappointed that Aman would not sing. The Amazing Man was gifted with a musical voice beyond the ordinary. Powerful, yet controlled, his voice would vibrate like an organ, or a fine violin. The Cantata Unica, which he had been asked to sing to us, he sang rarely, we all knew. That is why he was asked. It was the best of his songs, when he sang years back.

"I WILL explain," Aman had said. We all settled back, and listened. We were his guests, in the huge princely residence that was his retreat in the highest Himalayas. The air was crystal, and the beauty of the surrounding country, crowded with mountains higher than the Rockies, filled us with wonder and amazement.

We were on the large crystal-enclosed veranda, overlooking the huge Star Valley.



Aman had his back to it, and faced us. His tall, handsome silhouette was outlined against a sky of pure blue metal. It was a tense moment as he began:

"WHEN I was still a student in Tibetland, I was required, as part of my extraordinary education, to learn the art of music. Perhaps it would be best to call it singing.

"My teachers, who were the wise men of the lofty mountains of Central Asia, taught me that the real music was everywhere in nature. My real teachers were the birds in the deep forests. There are no greater natural musicians than the birds.

"After that preliminary work, I was required to study the theory of music, its mathematics, and its special force and value in this world. That all came at once, and within a very short time, I had to cram a great deal of information.

"My teachers then had me pass a very strenuous test. There were five men who had to pass upon my qualifications as a musician, and I had to see each one separately, though they lived journeys apart.

"The first examiner satisfied himself that there wasn't a single bird note, or call that I didn't know, and that there didn't exist a musical sound, emitted by an animal, which I couldn't at once identify, in a musical way. I passed this first test.

The second examiner was interested in how much theory I had absorbed. We went over endless matters of scales, rhythm, transpositions, composition, trills, and what-nots. This test, too, I passed.

The third examiner wanted to be sure of my memory. He tried me with everything, I guess, that has ever been written in music. That was an easy test.

The fourth examiner desired to try my ability in creating music. That is, how well could I play a given instrument, or sing. How easily could I write original music, and play it? That one, too, was an easy test for me.

I hardly knew what the fifth test was going to be. It seemed to everything that could be desired had been asked of a musician! But I wearily trudged on to the fifth examiner, who lived in a retiring, distant place—so bleak and desolate that I wondered whether this test was one of courage, rather than music . . .

WHEN I entered the large room where my fifth examiner was awaiting, I found a meeting was in progress. At least it seemed that way, for along the far end of the room, a long table, like a judge's bench was surrounded by a group of men. There was a larger, stronger man presiding. And all of them wore long robes, and buried their heads deep in their bonneted capes.

"They seemed to be waiting for me, and only the larger man spoke. His voice was deep, unearthly:

"We are pleased Aman has come," announced the Voice. "We are ready for the last test!"

"Then, it was explained to me that here would be tested my Power—that is, the strength of my voice. An unusual test, about which I wondered.

"Deep in the shadows, to the left, I could dimly see a cowed figure. It was a frightened human being, of the type I had seen in the plains during my journeys. He was strapped in what appeared to be a crude chair. There were wires, probably electric wires, connecting with the back and the arms. It was quite weird, and dim . . .

"Begin singing!" the Voice commanded. "Sing, the Cantata Unica, Aman!"

"Slowly, I began the beautiful notes of the Cantata. In the still, confined space like a cavern, where this group sat as though in judgment, my voice at first sounded thin, empty, and almost inadequate."

"I suppose that I gathered strength as I sang, for soon, the notes welled from my throat in full tones, and the cavern was filled with harmony.

"I couldn't help, somehow, watching the figure crouching in the chair, back in the dim corner to the left. Every one of my beautiful notes caused him an increased terror, and I wondered, for my sense of mind-reading hadn't yet been developed. In a way, I felt that man's life was dependent upon my singing, my voice . . .

"I sang on . . . Oh, I suppose I was inspired by the beauty of the song, by the weirdness of the place, and by the severity of the courtroom-like place. I sang with thunderous force, until it seemed that the very stones of the cavern would vibrate . . .

"Then, on a vigorous note, in the twelfth series of the cantabile, on notes 4, 193, 4, 194, and 4, 195 (for I was required to give complete choral effects by splitting my voice in parts, in this singing), the thing happened . . .

"As my voice lifted up higher, and higher and its power was shaking the very roof of the cavern, the helpless being in the chair began to twist and squirm, glaring at me with eyes appealing, and when I reached the peak, he slumped down, vanquished.

"I hurriedly finished the Cantata, and stood atill awhile, not daring to look up. I was shaken, not with the effort which I had put into my singing, but by the tragedy which I knew I had precipitated, there, in the corner."

THE group around Aman was listening breathlessly.

"But tell us, Aman," insisted the girl who had first asked for the Cantata, "Why don't you want to sing the song for us today? All those things happened long ago . . ."

Aman, the Amazing Man, looked through all of us for a few moments. He was trying to tell us, by thought transference, what had happened in that cavern test, years back. For no mere words could convey exactly what he felt. It was feeling-words he wanted us to receive.

"My thought is telling you all . . ." Aman said. With his arms crossed on his chest, he stood there, still as the sky in back of him.

What we all saw, in our mind's eye, was Aman as he sang. Then the high notes, and the man in the corner . . . Then the tragic notes, and we felt the electric current as it surged through the unfortunate's body. And we knew that by some electric means, as Aman's voice reached a certain force, and a certain pitch, an electric relay switch was released. The very force of the voice did it. And the current flowed, to kill the crouching figure . . .

"Now", Aman said, "You all know why I shall never again sing the Cantata Unica . . . It was the fifth, and the fearful test!"

The End





THUNDERING BEATS OF THE GIANT WAR DRUM SENT A TERRIFYING MESSAGE
THROUGH THE WILD CONGO JUNGLE . . . A MESSAGE THAT A BRAVE

WHITE MAN HEARD—AND BEGAN TO INVESTIGATE!

A Thrilling Adventure Illustrated by Paul Gustavson — Episode 1.

AT THE OUTPOST OF THE CONGO PATROL, LABU, SERVANT OF SANDY THORNE, THE MOST FEARED-OF MAN IN THE PATROL BY THE NATIVES, STANDS TENSELY IN FRONT OF THE OUTPOST



THE JUNGLE IS MUCH TOO SILENT—TROUBLE BREWING! I DO NOT LIKE IT, TUAN.

LABU—LISTEN! THE DRUMS ARE BEATING IN THE EAST! WE'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR IT DISTINCTLY, SOON.



YOU KNOW, TUAN—?

YES—THE CONGO WAR DRUM! THAT HASN'T BEEN SOUNDED IN ALMOST FIVE YEARS! PACK OUR THINGS, LABU, WE'RE GOING INLAND



LET ME SEND A LETTER WITH YOU, SANDY—THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS!

NO, THANKS! IF I DON'T GET BACK IN THREE MONTHS—THEN YOU CAN SEND IT OUT AFTER ME!





YOU HAVE MORE NERVE THAN BRAINS, SANDY

THESE NATIVES FEAR ME MORE THAN THEIR MEDICINE MEN — THAT'S ONE ASSET I HAVE



JUNGLE 'BIG TUN, AND MANY TRIBES! THINK WE CAN FIND WHO STARTED BIG DRUM?

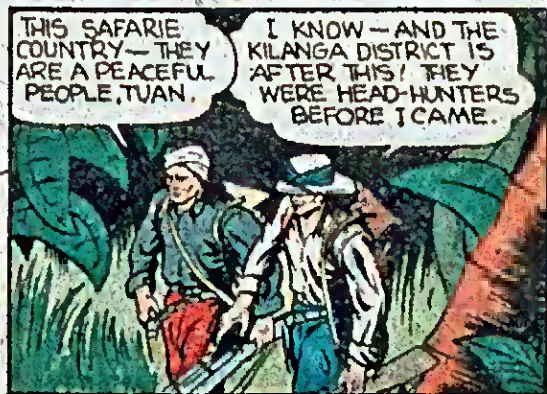
YES, LABU — WE'LL FIND IT — BUT IT MAY TAKE SOME TIME!



WEEKS LATER AND MILES INLAND, SANDY AND LABU DRAW NEARER, AND NEARER TO THE GREAT DRUM.



LOOK, LABU, SMOKE — WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT IT IS!



THIS SAFARIE COUNTRY — THEY ARE A PEACEFUL PEOPLE, TUN.

I KNOW — AND THE KILANGA DISTRICT IS AFTER THIS! THEY WERE HEAD-HUNTERS BEFORE I CAME.



AN HOUR LATER, SANDY AND LABU COME UPON THE FLAMING VILLAGE OF ONE OF THE SAFARIE TRIBES.

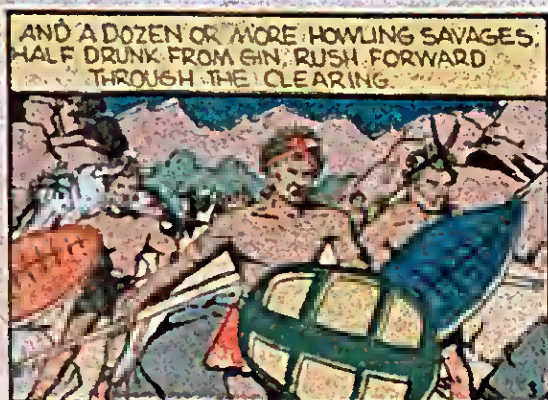
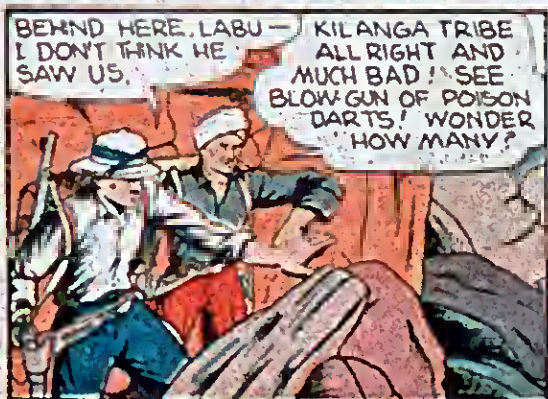
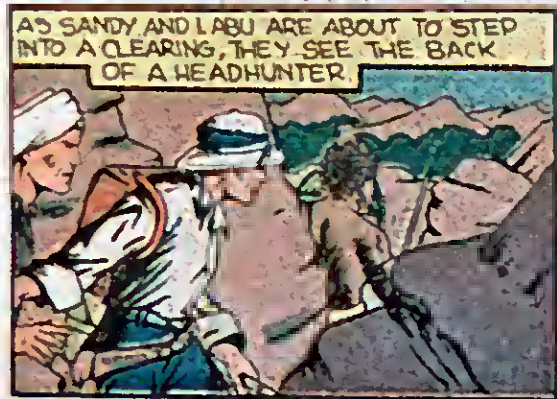
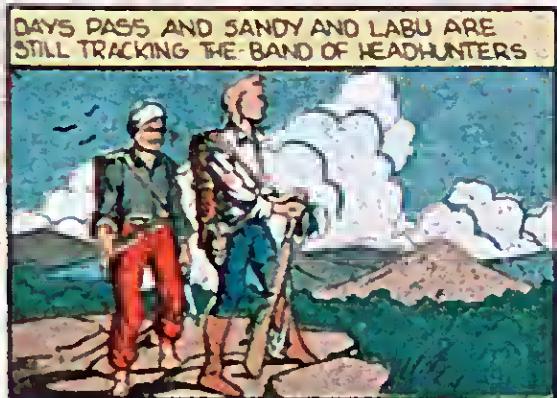
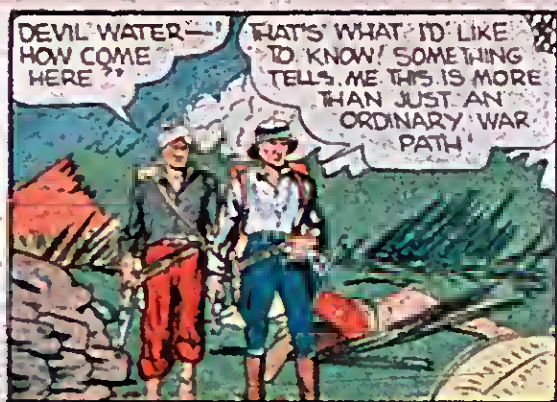


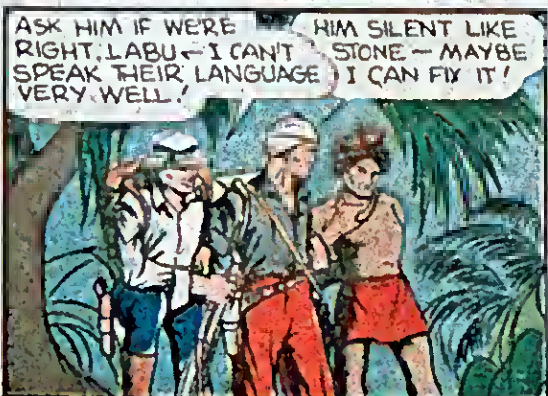
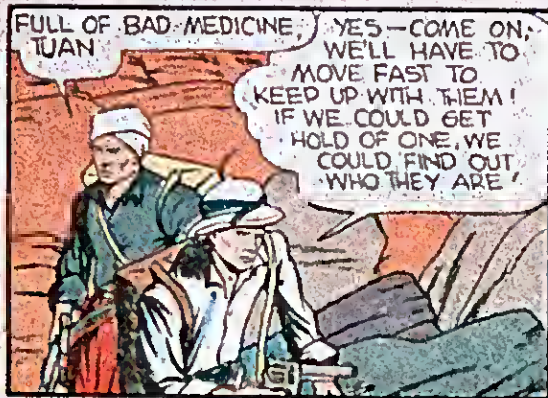
LOOK, TUN, THE BODIES!

YES, HEADLESS — POOR DEVILS DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE! C'MON — WE HAVE TO PICK UP THEIR TRAIL!



LABU — AN EMPTY BOTTLE OF GIN!





IT'S A LOT EASIER WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO CUT YOUR WAY THROUGH!

WE SHOULD BE THERE SOON, TUAN.



LABU — CAN YOU SEE THE FLAMES THROUGH THE TREES —! THEY MUST HAVE CAPTURED SOMEONE AND ARE HAVING A FIRE DANCE!



AS THEY DRAW NEARER, SANDY AND LABU SEE THE HEADHUNTERS DANCING WILDLY ABOUT A ROARING FIRE



A FEW FEET FROM THE FIRE ARE THREE CAPTIVES TIED TO STAKES — ALL WHITE

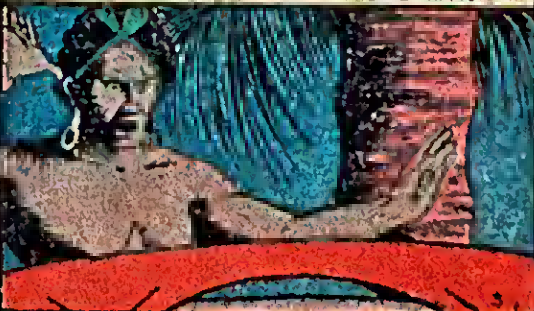


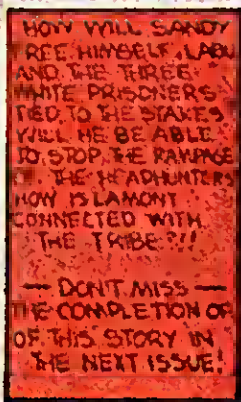
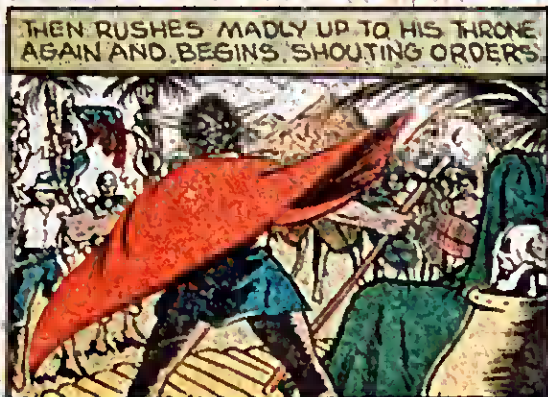
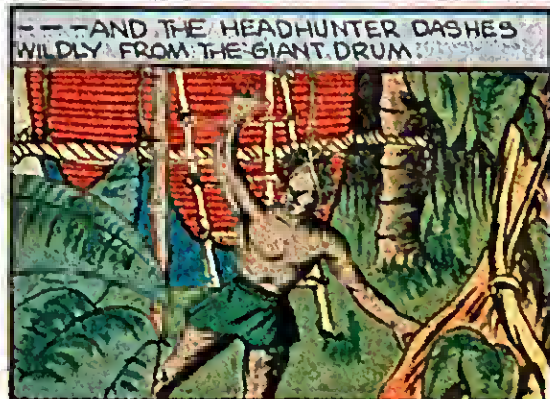
THEY'RE WHITE PEOPLE, TUAN!!

YES — AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG BEFORE THEY'LL BE BURNT ALIVE! COME ON, LABU — WE'RE TAKING OVER THIS PARTY!!



AT THE SIGHT OF SANDY THE HEADHUNTER AT THE DRUM, SLOWS HIS BEAT AND A COLD SWEAT ROLLS DOWN HIS BROW.



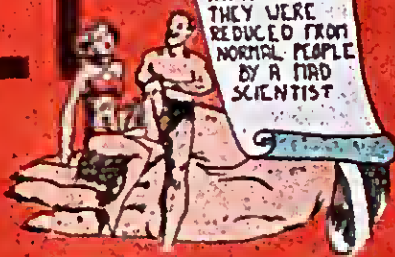


MINIMIDGET

THE MINIATURE MAN

BY JOHN F. KOLB

MINIMIDGET AND KITTY ARE ONLY AS LARGE AS A HUMAN HAND — THEY WERE REDUCED FROM NORMAL PEOPLE BY A MAD SCIENTIST



SO MY DEAR BROTHER WON'T LET ME HAVE MORE MONEY — HA — HA — WITH MY LITTLE PLAYMATE'S TO DEAL WITH HIM, AT MY COMMAND THEY WILL STRIKE, THEN — HIS MONEY WILL BE MINE.



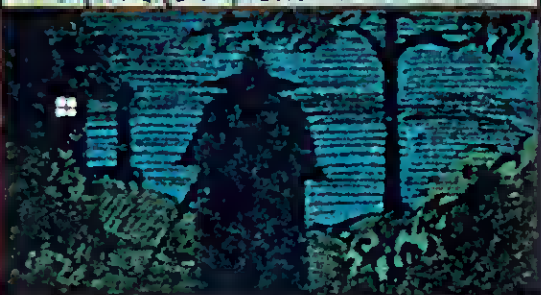
YES, MY PET'S WITH THIS LITTLE POISONED SWORD, AND I TO COMMAND YOU, THE MONEY SHALL BE MINE, TO USE, AS I PLEASE.



COME MY PET'S, DANCE MAKE MERRY HERE YOU GO TO WORK — HEH — HEH — WITH YOUR POISONED SWORD.



THAT NIGHT BARNELL STARTS FOR HIS BROTHER'S MANSION —

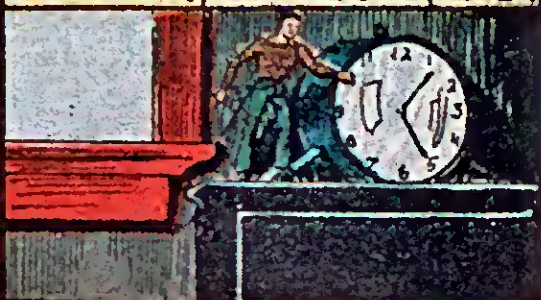


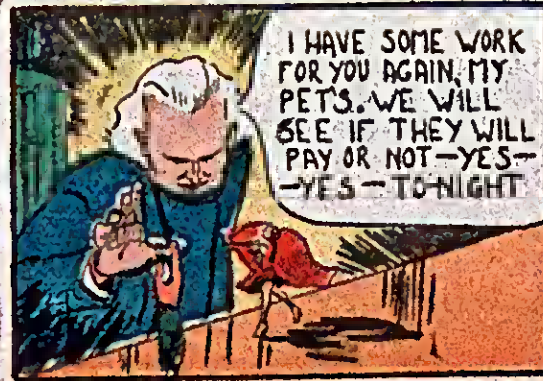
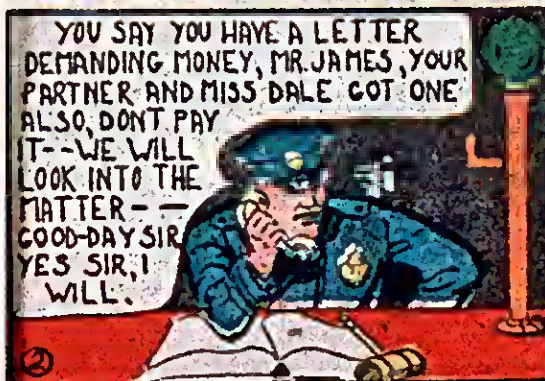
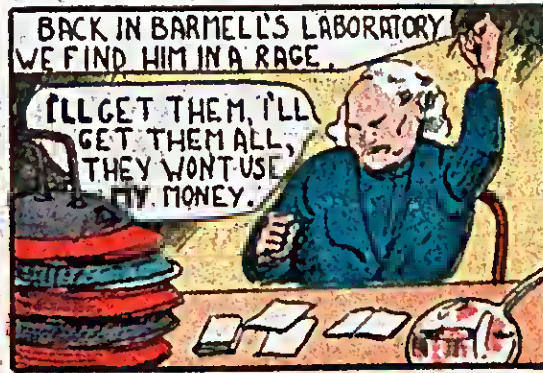
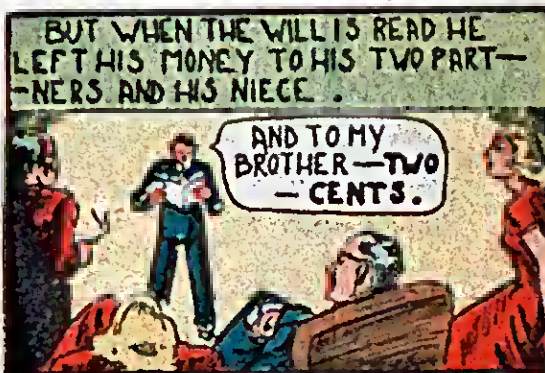
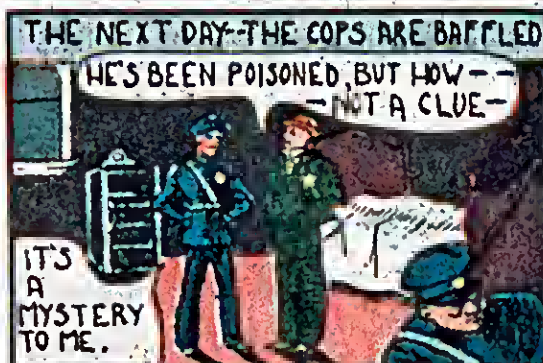
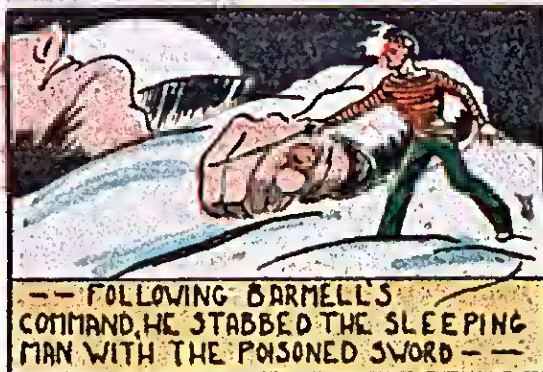
UNDER THE OPEN BEDROOM WINDOW, HE LIFTS UP HIS BRANCHILD, A HUMAN MAN, REDUCED TO THE SIZE OF HIS HAND



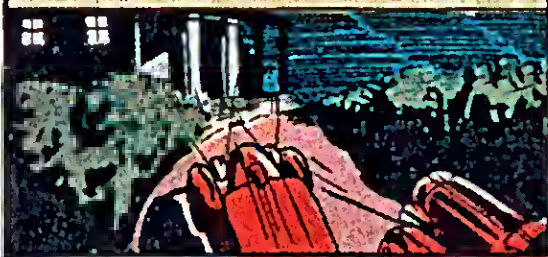
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU MY PET.

ACROSS THE SILL, OVER THE DRESSER TO THE FLOOR, WENT THE SUPERMIDGET.





THAT NIGHT POLICE CARS GO ROARING UP TO MR. JAMES'S HOUSE. MR. JAMES WAS DEAD--KILLED--WITNESSED BY THE MAID.



I WAS STANDING BY HIM--AND THE OTHER MAID ALSO--I NOTICED HE RUBBED HIS LEG, THEN HE FELL



MUST BE A SPOOK

YES; WE THOUGHT HE HAD JUST FAINTED, BUT THE DOCTOR SAID HE WAS DEAD --POISONED--



LOOKS LIKE THOSE LETTERS MEANT WHAT THEY SAID, AND NO FOOLING

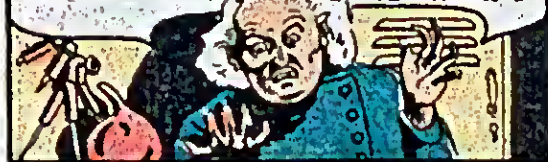
BACK AT HEADQUARTERS

NOW MEN, IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A SERIOUS CASE ON OUR HANDS. JIM--YOU GUARD MR. JAMES'S PARTNER, AND BOB--YOU WATCH MISS DALE. AND NO ROMANTIC STUFF, THIS IS DARNED SERIOUS.



MEANWHILE BACK IN BARMELL'S LABORATORY

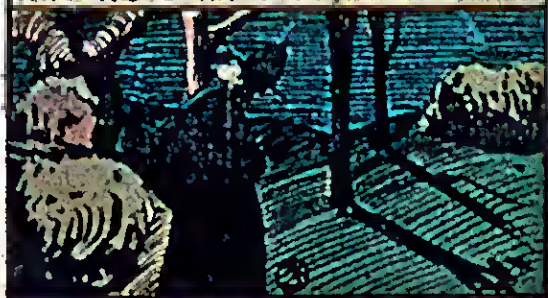
ME A GENIUS! STARVING, REVENGE IS WHILE THEY LIVE SWEET-- I IN HIGH STYLE. SHALL HAVE MY ON MY MONEY. REVENGE.



MY PET'S WILL HELP ME. I'LL SHOW THEM

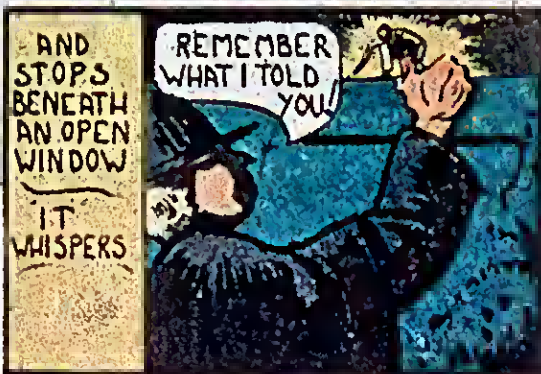


THAT NIGHT A BLACK CLOAKED FIGURE STARTS OUT AGAIN --



AND STOPS BENEATH AN OPEN WINDOW -- IT WHISPERS

REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU!



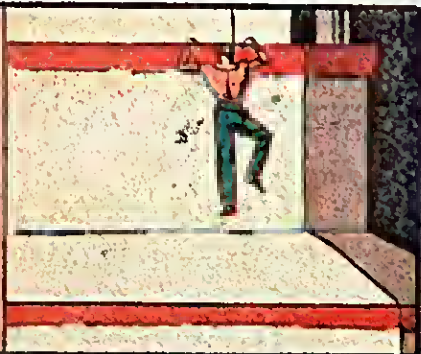
ACROSS
THE ROOM
TO THE
OPEN DOOR
WENT THE
SUPERMIDGET



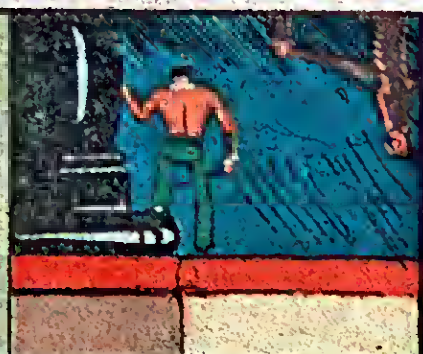
OUT
INTO
THE
HALL
ALONG
THE
SIDEWALL



UP THE
STAIRS



TO THE
SECOND
FLOOR



SHARP EYES THAT PIERCED THE
GLOOM OF THE HALL WATCHED HIM. HE
TURNED IN TIME TO SEE A CAT READY
TO SPRING ON HIM.

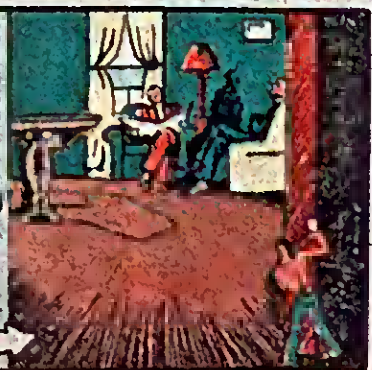


AS THE CAT LEAPED HE STEPPED
ASIDE AND STABBED HIM IN THE
NECK.

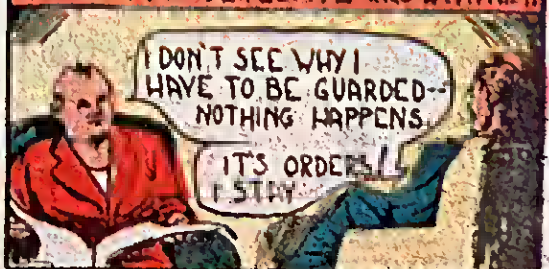


THE POISON TOOK EFFECT AT ONCE
ON THE CAT—HE LAY TWITCHING,
THEN WAS QUIET---DEAD---

THAT
DANGER
OVER--HE
CONTINUED
DOWN THE
HALL TO AN
OPEN DOOR
---LIGHT
COMING
FROM IT--



STEALING HIS WAY AROUND THE ROOM
HE CROPT BEHIND THE MAN HE WAS
TO KILL. A DETECTIVE WAS WITH HIM.



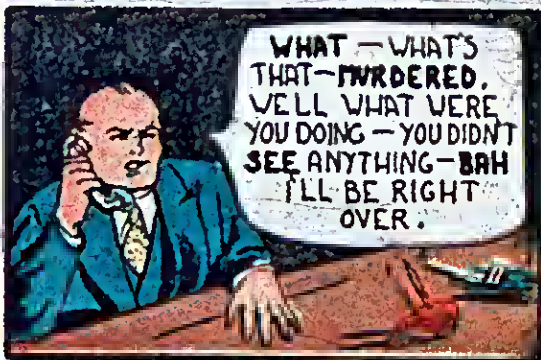
UNDERNEATH THE DOOMED MAN
CROUCHED THE SUPERMIDGET--SWORD
IN HAND.



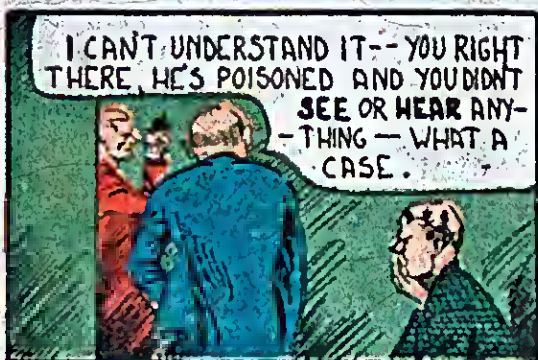
A QUICK JAB OF HIS SWORD, LIKE A
SHADOW HE DARTED FOR THE WALL--
AROUND THE ROOM AND OUT THE DOOR



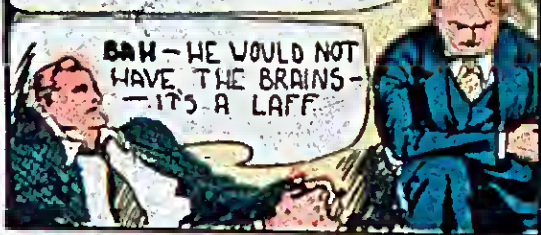
WHAT--WHAT'S
THAT--MURDERED.
WELL WHAT WERE
YOU DOING--YOU DIDNT
SEE ANYTHING--BAH
I'LL BE RIGHT
OVER.



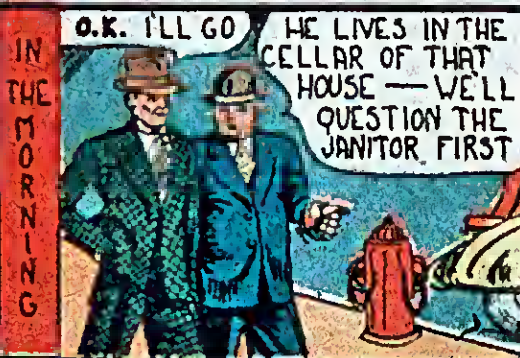
I CANT UNDERSTAND IT-- YOU RIGHT
THERE, HE'S POISONED AND YOU DIDNT
SEE OR HEAR ANY--
THING--WHAT A
CASE.



THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WITH A MOT-
IVE, THAT'S BARMELL'S BROTHER A HALF
CRAZY SCIENTIST--HE WAS
CUT OUT OF THE WILL



BAH--HE WOULD NOT
HAVE THE BRAINS--
--IT'S A LAFF



O.K. I'LL GO

HE LIVES IN THE
CELLAR OF THAT
HOUSE--WE'LL
QUESTION THE
JANITOR FIRST



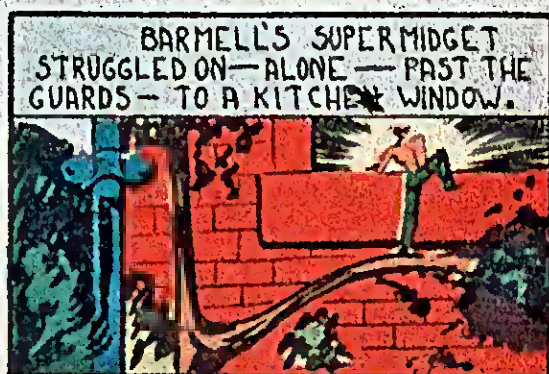
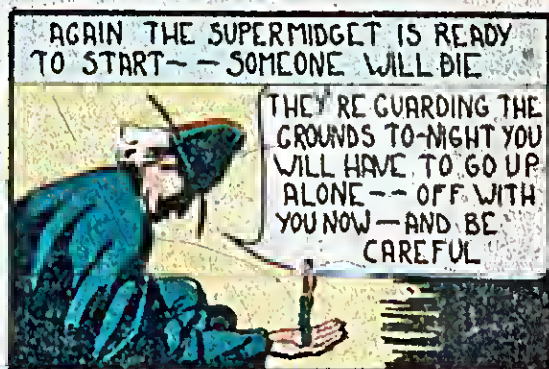
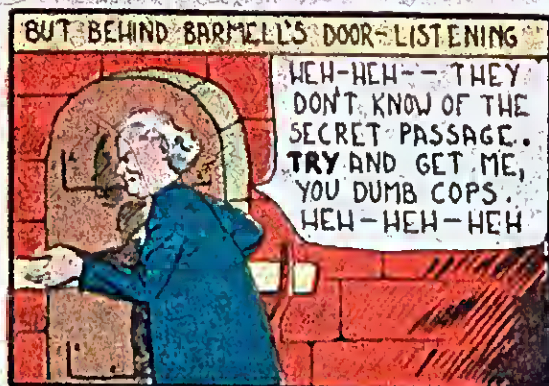
YOU SAY BAR--
--HELL DIDNT
LEAVE LAST NIGHT

NO SIR, THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY--
THAT'S
PAST
ME

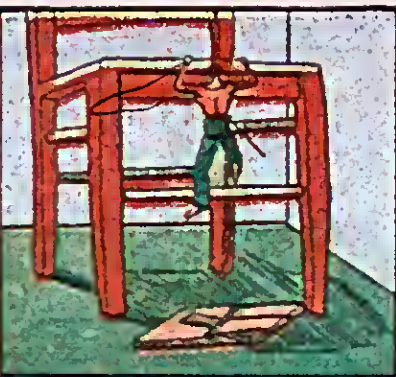


YOU SAY HE'S OUT
NOW--WE'LL BE
BACK

YES SIR



IN THE
WINDOW
—DOWN
A CHAIR
TO HIS
DOOM



THERE IS A SHARP CLICK / — A SHRILL
SCREAM / THEN SILENCE. THE COOK,
SEEKING TO CATCH A RAT, HAD
CAUGHT A MURDERER.



IN THE
MORNING
THE COOK
PICKED
UP THE
TRAP—
GASPED—
THEN
YELLED

QUICK/GET
THE POLICE
LOOK WHAT I
CAUGHT IT IS
HORRIBLE.



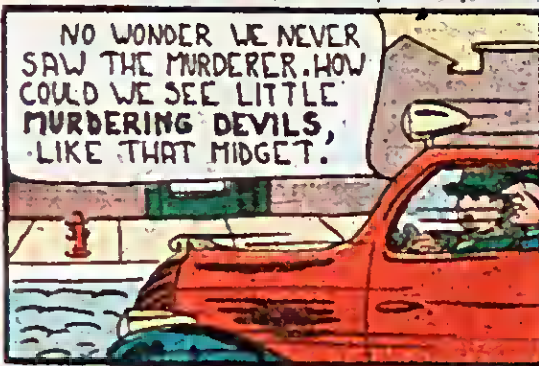
WHY—THAT'S WHAT
MY UNCLE WANTED
MONEY FOR, TO CREATE
SUPERMIDGETS

YES—AND
THAT'S WHY HE
KILLED HIS
BROTHER— HE
WOULDN'T GIVE
HIM ANY



LET'S GO
GET
HIM

NO WONDER WE NEVER
SAW THE MURDERER. HOW
COULD WE SEE LITTLE
MURDERING DEVILS,
LIKE THAT MIDGET.



THEY
BROKE IN
BARMELL'S
DOOR IN
TIME TO
SEE HIM
TRYING
TO ESCAPE
BY HIS
SECRET
DOOR

YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME I'LL
KILL ALL
OF YOU



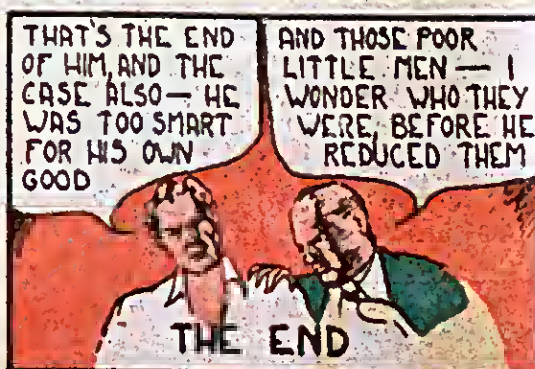
HE STARTED TO THROW
A SMALL VIAL — BUT —

SQUEEZED
IT TOO
TIGHT IT
EXPLODED
AND BLEW
BARMELL
INTO A
MASS OF
FLAMES



THAT'S THE END
OF HIM, AND THE
CASE ALSO — HE
WAS TOO SMART
FOR HIS OWN
GOOD

AND THOSE POOR
LITTLE MEN — I
WONDER WHO THEY
WERE, BEFORE HE
REDUCED THEM



THE END

CHUCK HARDY

THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA

by Franklin Thomas



THE SMALL YAWL 'RESEARCH' COMES TO ANCHOR OFF THE ISLAND OF TAHUATA, ONE OF THE MARQUESEAN GROUP, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

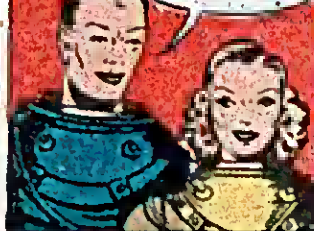


CHUCK, YOU AND MISS PETERSON CAN'T FAIL US TODAY... WE MUST HAVE SOME SPECIMENS!

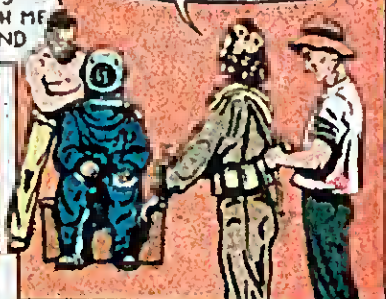
-HEAR THAT CHUCK?

ABOARD THE VESSEL, A SMALL PARTY OF AMERICAN SCIENTISTS, HEADED BY PROFESSOR KINGSLY, OF PORTSMOUTH UNIVERSITY, PREPARE FOR THE DAY'S UNDERSEA EXPEDITION BY TWO OF ITS MEMBERS ~

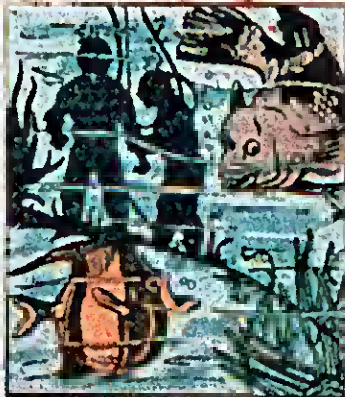
OH, YEAH? IF I DON'T DO BETTER THAN YOU DID YESTERDAY, I'LL STAY UNDER... YOU WERE DOWN AN HOUR AND ALL YOU BROUGHT UP WAS SEAWEED! WATCH ME TODAY, JERRY, AND LEARN!



YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW THAT HELMET IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE, CHUCK!



EQUIPMENT ADJUSTED, JERRY AND CHUCK DESCEND TO THE BLUE DEPTHS OF THE PACIFIC ~

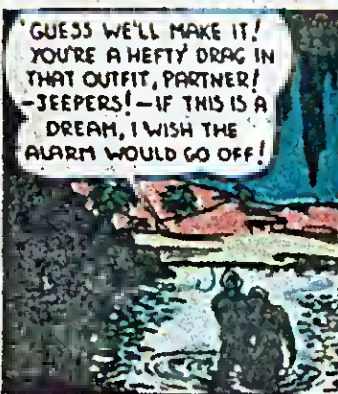
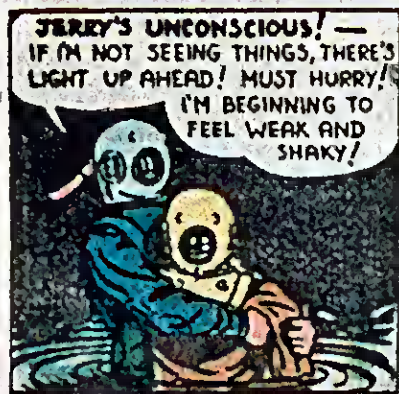
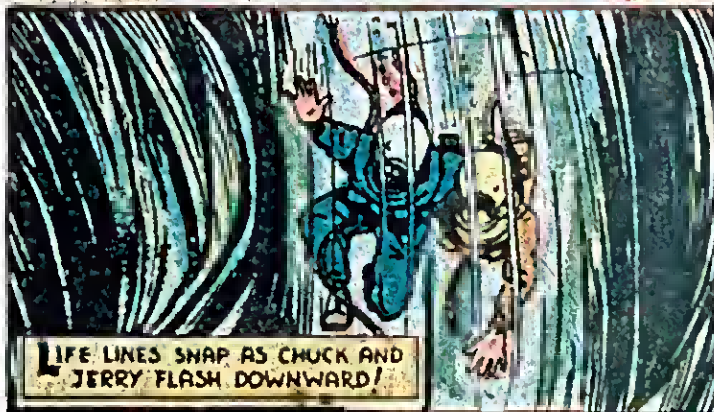
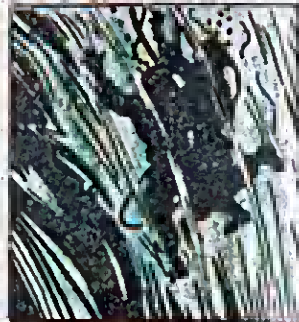


SUDDENLY, ABOARD THE 'RESEARCH'!

LOOK - PROFESSOR! VOLCANO!



THE AMAZED SCIENTISTS ARE SPELL-BOUND AS A TINY VOLCANIC ISLAND TO THE EAST BURSTS INTO ACTION WITHOUT WARNING ~!





FROM THE FOULAGE STEPS FORTH A BAND OF WARRIORS AS WEIRD AND UNREAL AS THEIR SURROUNDINGS!



GREETINGS GENTS! —WELL? SPEAK UP!! —WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE WE? WHAT—

HUSH CHUCK!! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND! ACT FRIENDLY!



THE LEADER SUDDENLY POINTS EXCITEDLY AND SCREAMS A COMMAND!



PANIC BREAKS OUT AS A DREADED SALAMANDRON APPROACHES!!



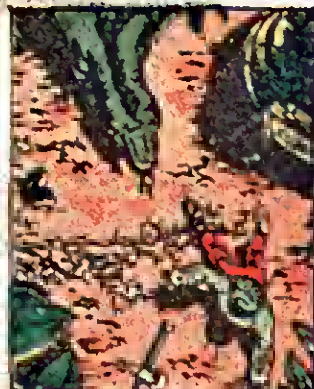
BELLOWING IN RAGE, THE BEAST CHARGES!



RUN FOR A TREE JERRY!!



LOOK! —THAT POOR DEVIL FELL! —HIS FOOT'S CAUGHT IN A VINE!



CHUCK!



SURPRISED BY CHUCK'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE, THE SALAMANDRON HESITATES AND EYES HIS NEW FOE



THE BEAST SMILES SLOWLY... THE ALL
DRIVEN DEEPLY INTO ITS SKULL!



—GUESS WE'VE
FOUND A PAL, JERRY—



THE RESCUED WARRIOR
EXPRESSES HIS THANKS!

BY SAVING HIM FROM THAT BEAST
WE'VE MADE ONE FRIEND... I HOPE
THE OTHERS FEEL THE SAME WAY!



WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD
YOU'RE SAYING, PARTNER... BUT WE
KNOW YOU ARE GRATEFUL... WISH
I COULD FIND THE KEY TO YOUR
LANGUAGE... SOUNDS A LITTLE LIKE
NATIVE AFRICAN... TELL US... WHERE
ARE WE?? WHAT IS YOUR
NAME??... YOUR NAME!
NAME!



2

CHUCK!... JER-RY!...
WHO ARE YOU??



CHUCK POINTS FIRST TO HIMSELF,
...THEN JERRY... SPEAKING THEIR NAMES

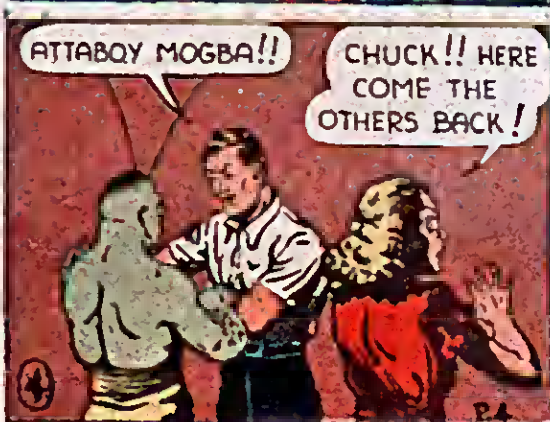
MOGBA!
MOGBA!



UNDERSTANDING LIGHTS HIS FEATURES!

ATTABOY MOGBA!!

CHUCK!! HERE
COME THE
OTHERS BACK!



GO AHEAD MOGBA!...
...SPEAK YOUR PIECE!
TELL THEM WHAT
GRAND FOLKS WE ARE!



MOGBA ARGUES EXCITEDLY WITH THE LEADER!



2.



**WOOF!..THE CHIEF
STRAIGHT-ARMS 'EM!! POOR
MOGBA!... IF HE TRIES THAT
ON ME, HE'S DUE
FOR A SURPRISE!!**



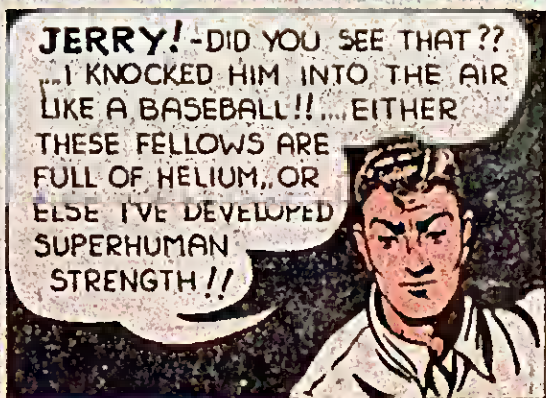
**- BUT THE UNUSUAL SIGHT OF BLOND
TRESSSES CAPTURES HIS FANCY FIRST!**



**HANDS OFF -
YOU GORILLA!**



**JERRY! -DID YOU SEE THAT??
...I KNOCKED HIM INTO THE AIR
LIKE A BASEBALL!! ...EITHER
THESE FELLOWS ARE
FULL OF HELIUM, OR
ELSE I'VE DEVELOPED
SUPERHUMAN
STRENGTH!!**



THE WARRIORS ARE TAKEN ABACK BY
CHUCK'S EXHIBITION OF STRENGTH!!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE!—WHILE
THEY'RE THINKING THAT ONE
OVER!!—C'MON JERRY,
LET'S BEAT IT!!

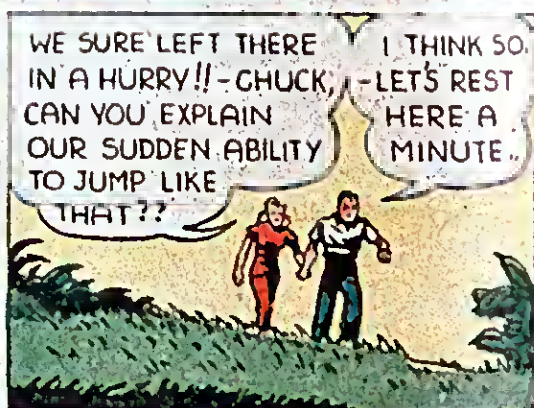


TO THEIR ASTONISHMENT, CHUCK
AND JERRY FIND THAT THEIR
EFFORTS CARRY THEM THROUGH
THE AIR IN HUGE BOUNDS!!



WE SURE LEFT THERE
IN A HURRY!!—CHUCK,
CAN YOU EXPLAIN
OUR SUDDEN ABILITY
TO JUMP LIKE
THAT??

I THINK SO.
—LET'S REST
HERE A
MINUTE..

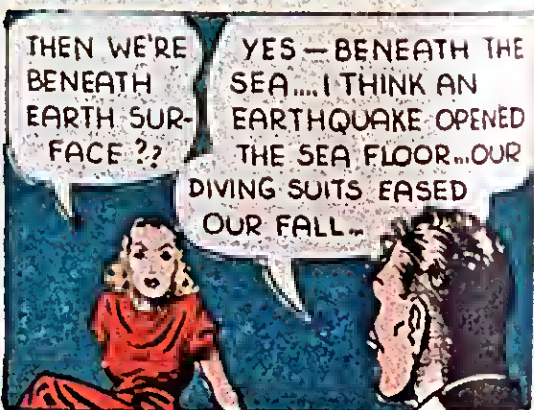


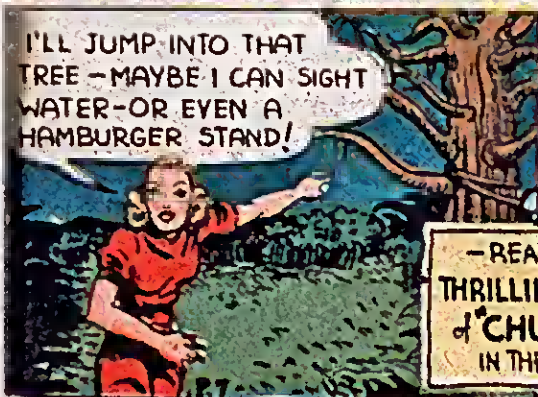
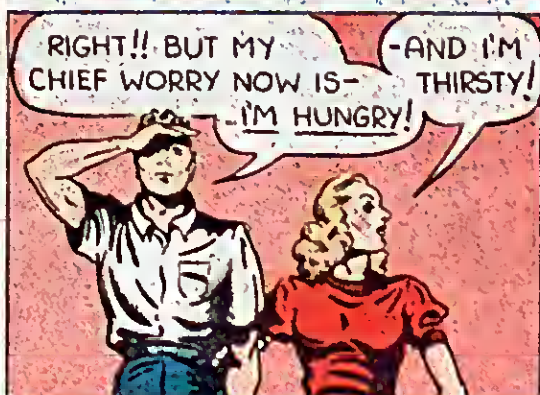
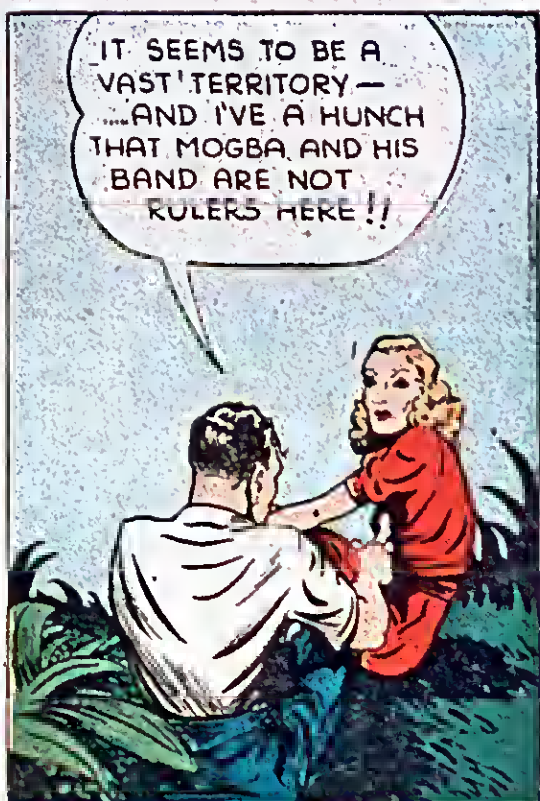
—IT'S CAUSED BY LACK OF AIR
PRESSURE, WHICH IS BEING
BORNE BY THE EARTH CRUST ABOVE
US..... OUR STRENGTH, GAUGED FOR
EXISTENCE IN EARTH
SURFACE ATMOSPHERIC
PRESSURE, IS TRIPLED
DOWN HERE!!



THEN WE'RE
BENEATH
EARTH SUR-
FACE??

YES—BENEATH THE
SEA....I THINK AN
EARTHQUAKE OPENED
THE SEA FLOOR...OUR
DIVING SUITS EASED
OUR FALL..





"SLIM" BRADLEY

FOREST RANGER

DICK HAYES

THRILLING
ADVENTURE

MYSTERY OF
THE KIDNAPPED
HEIR

I'VE WATCHED THIS PASS ALL DAY AND NOT A SIGN OF THEM. MORE'N LIKELY THOSE FELLOWS THAT TOOK THE KID WILL TRY AND SNEAK ACROSS THE CANADIAN BORDER, AS IT'S ONLY A FEW MILES FROM HERE -- AND THEY HAVE TO CROSS THIS PASS



I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE KIDNAPPERS JUST ONCE --- THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH LEFT OF 'EM TO BAIT A WEASEL TRAP!!



LITTLE JACKIE STILLMAN, 10 YEAR OLD SON OF THE MILLIONAIRE A.K. STILLMAN, HAS BEEN **KIDNAPPED!** BROUGHT TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SPEARHEAD NATIONAL FOREST TO ACCOMPANY HIS FATHER ON A FISHING TRIP. THE BOY WAS STOLEN FROM CAMP AT NIGHT WHILE HIS FATHER AND THEIR GUIDE SLEPT CLOSE BY.

"SLIM" HAS GONE TO CLOUDY PASS TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING HEIR.

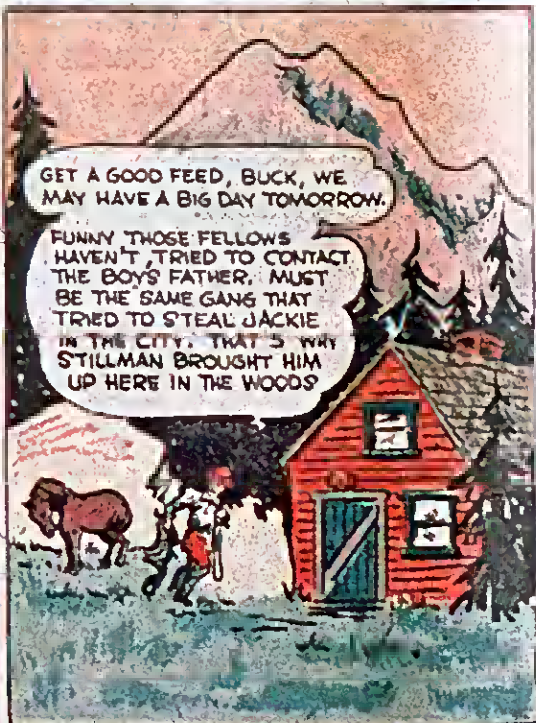


BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO THE RANGER STATION BEFORE DARK -- IF ANYBODY'S ON THE TRAIL NOW I'LL MEET 'EM



GET A GOOD FEED, BUCK, WE MAY HAVE A BIG DAY TOMORROW.

FUNNY THOSE FELLOWS HAVEN'T TRIED TO CONTACT THE BOYS FATHER. MUST BE THE SAME GANG THAT TRIED TO STEAL JACKIE IN THE CITY. THAT'S WHY STILLMAN BROUGHT HIM UP HERE IN THE WOODS



THAT NIGHT, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR WAKES "SLIM"

COME IN!



OH, IT'S YOU, DANNY. HEADN' UP TO YOUR MINE 'KINDA' LATE TONIGHT, AREN'T YOU?



BETTER STAY HERE WITH ME TONIGHT AND GO UP IN THE MORNING. THERE'S ANOTHER BUNK UPSTAIRS AND PLENTY OF BLANKETS

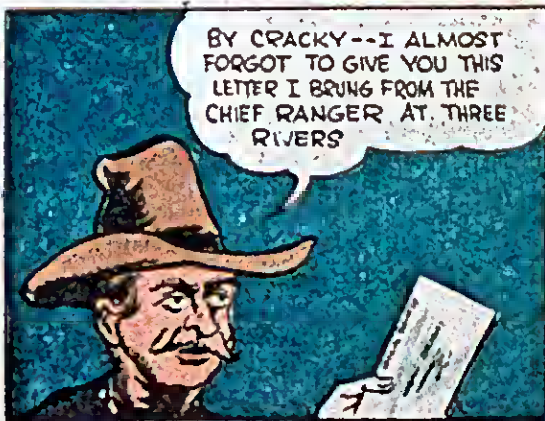


NO -- GOT A HEAD O' WORK TO DO AT THE MINE AND FIGGUR TO BE AT IT BY SUNUP -- GUESS I'LL BE DRIFTIN' ON

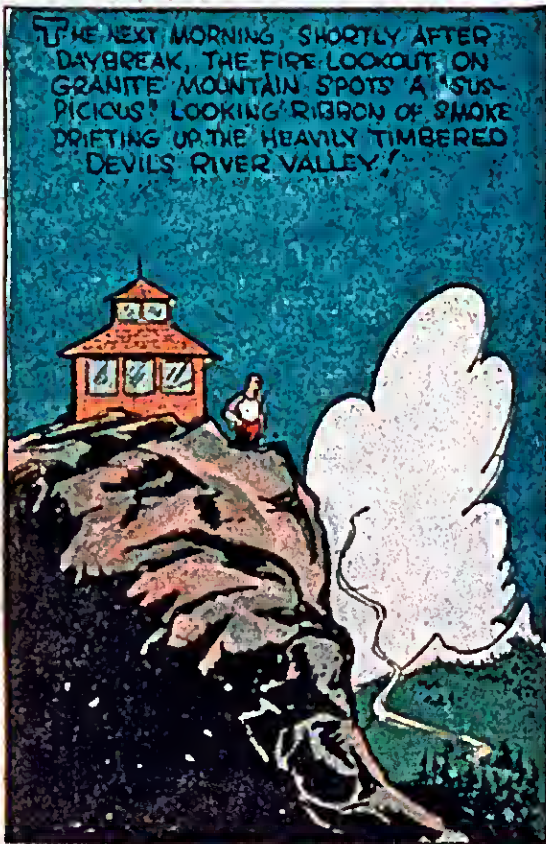
WELL, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN ON THE TRAIL FOR ANY SIGN OF THOSE KIDNAPPERS!



BY CRACKY -- I ALMOST FORGOT TO GIVE YOU THIS LETTER I BRUNG FROM THE CHIEF RANGER AT THREE RIVERS

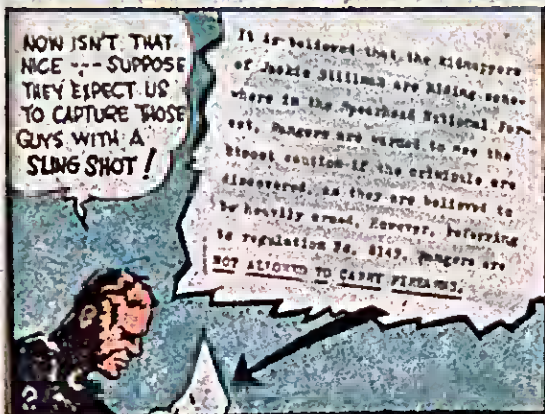


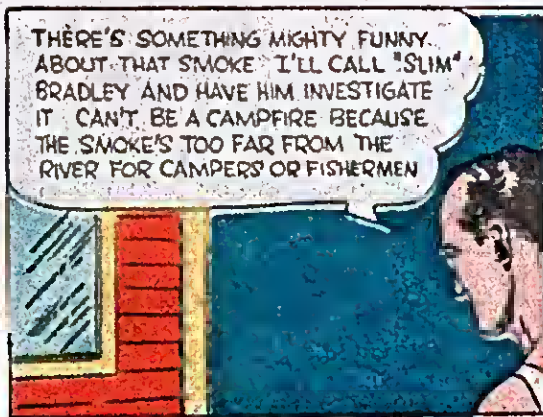
THE NEXT MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER DAYBREAK, THE FIRE LOOKOUT ON GRANITE MOUNTAIN SPOTS A "SUSPICIOUS" LOOKING RIBBON OF SMOKE DRIFTING UP THE HEAVILY TIMBERED DEVILS RIVER VALLEY!



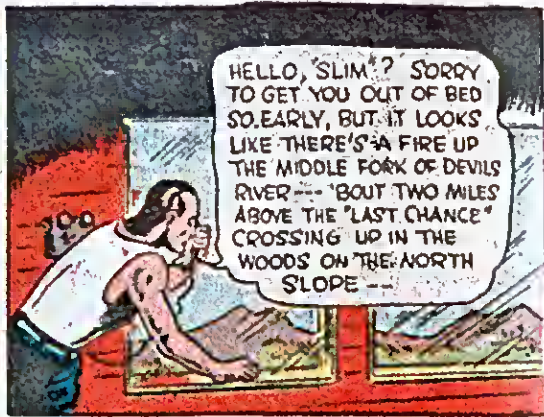
NOW ISN'T THAT NICE -- SUPPOSE THEY EXPECT US TO CAPTURE THOSE GUYS WITH A SLING SHOT!

It is believed that the kidnapers of Jackie Stilwell are hiding somewhere in the Sycamore National Forest. Rangers are urged to see the blood caution if the criminals are discovered, as they are believed to be heavily armed. However, referring to regulation 26, 8145, rangers are NOT ALLOWED TO CARRY FIREARMS.





THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT THAT SMOKE. I'LL CALL "SLIM" BRADLEY AND HAVE HIM INVESTIGATE IT. CAN'T BE A CAMPFIRE BECAUSE THE SMOKE'S TOO FAR FROM THE RIVER FOR CAMPERS OR FISHERMEN.

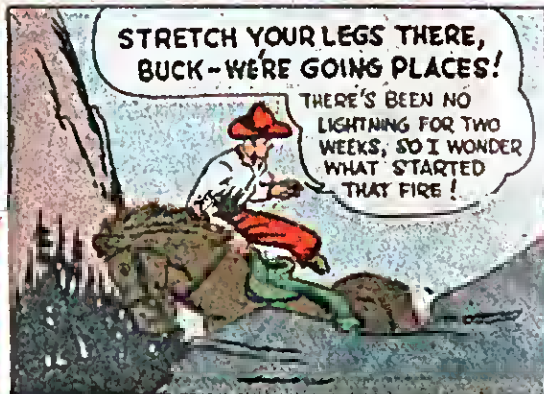


HELLO, "SLIM"? SORRY TO GET YOU OUT OF BED SO EARLY, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A FIRE UP THE MIDDLE FORK OF DEVILS RIVER -- 'BOUT TWO MILES ABOVE THE "LAST CHANCE" CROSSING UP IN THE WOODS ON THE NORTH SLOPE --



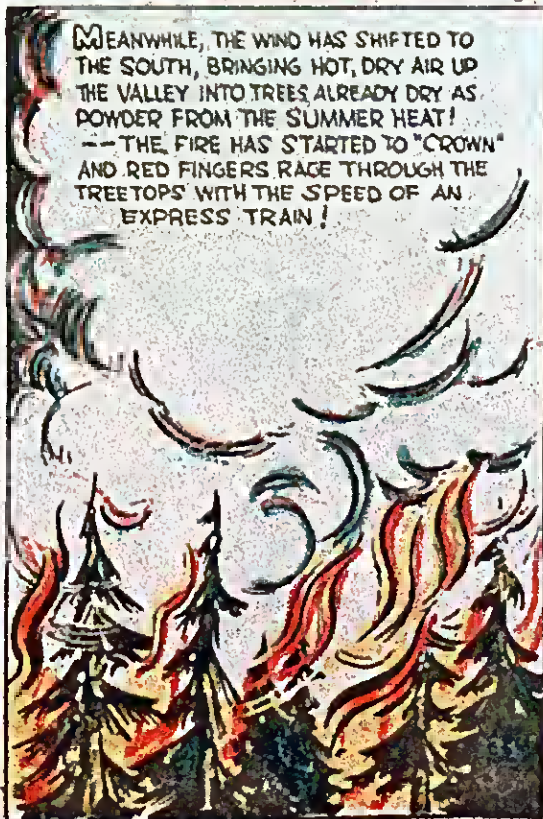
I'M PRACTICALLY ON MY WAY, DAVE!

YOU BETTER NOTIFY THE TRAIL CREW ON LITTLE SANDY CREEK TO STAND BY FOR FIRE FIGHTING EMERGENCY.



STRETCH YOUR LEGS THERE, BUCK -- WE'RE GOING PLACES!

THERE'S BEEN NO LIGHTNING FOR TWO WEEKS, SO I WONDER WHAT STARTED THAT FIRE!

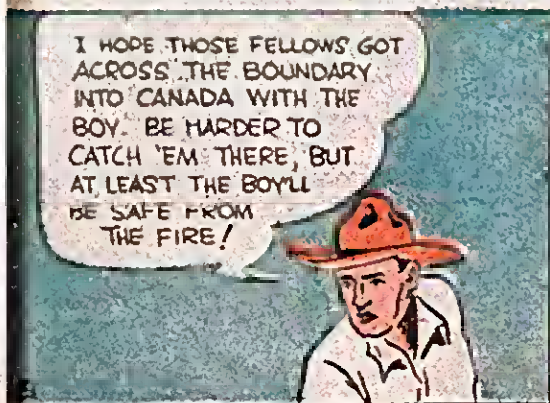
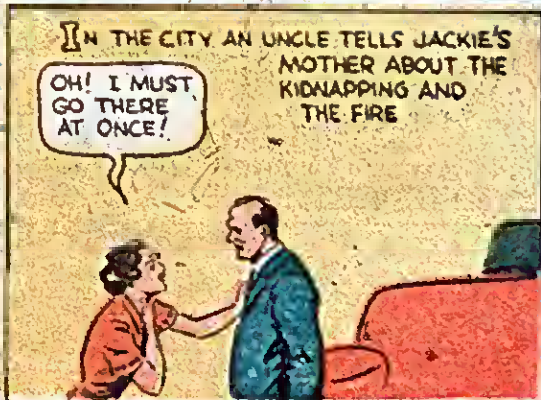
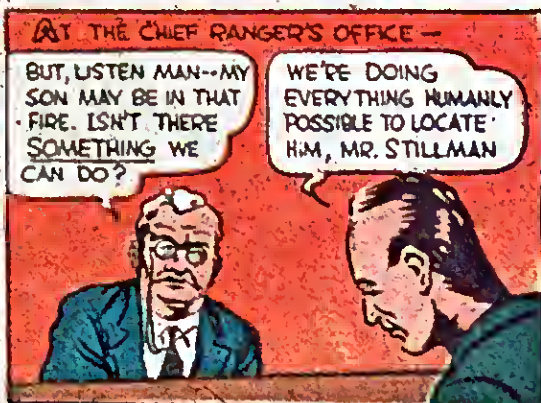
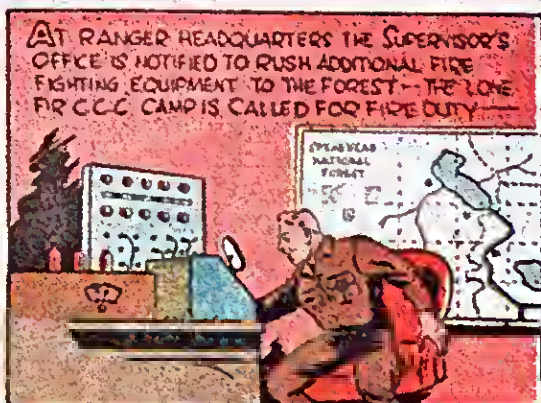
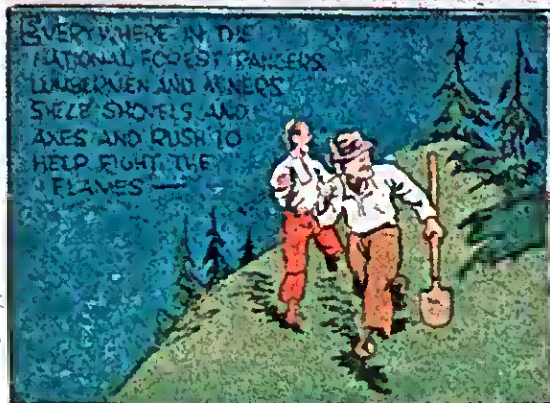


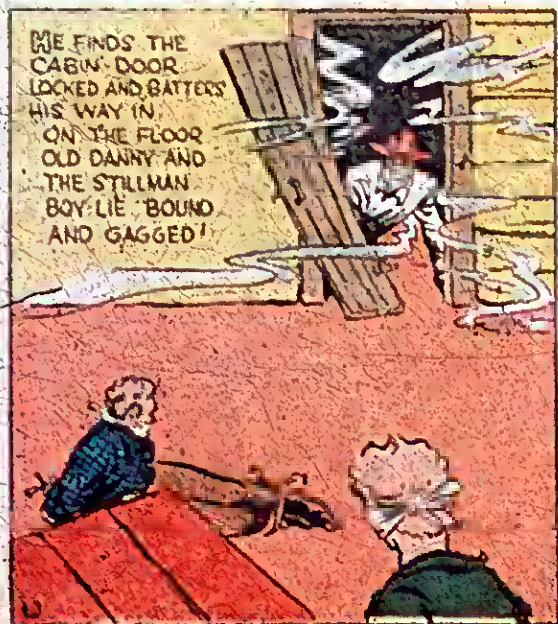
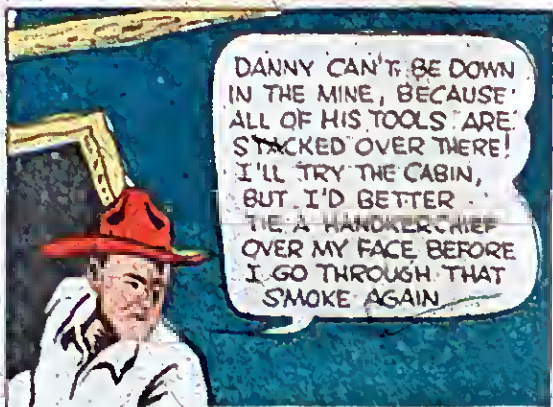
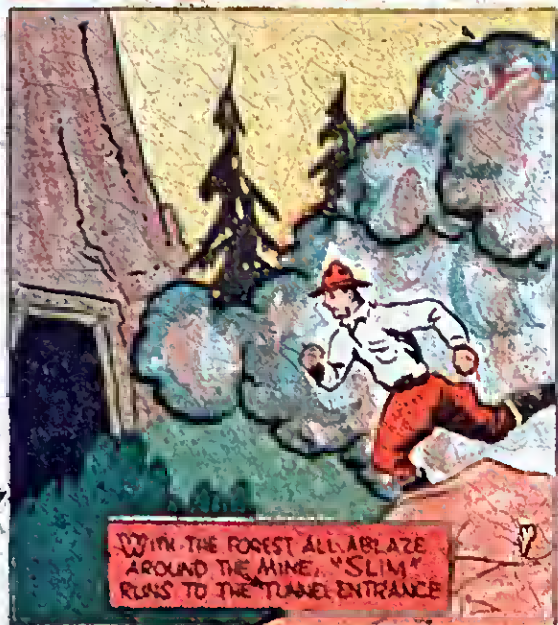
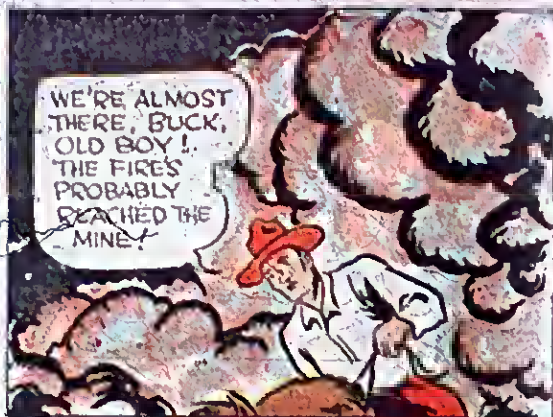
MEANWHILE, THE WIND HAS SHIFTED TO THE SOUTH, BRINGING HOT, DRY AIR UP THE VALLEY INTO TREES ALREADY DRY AS POWDER FROM THE SUMMER HEAT! -- THE FIRE HAS STARTED TO "CROWN" AND RED FINGERS RACE THROUGH THE TREETOPS WITH THE SPEED OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN!

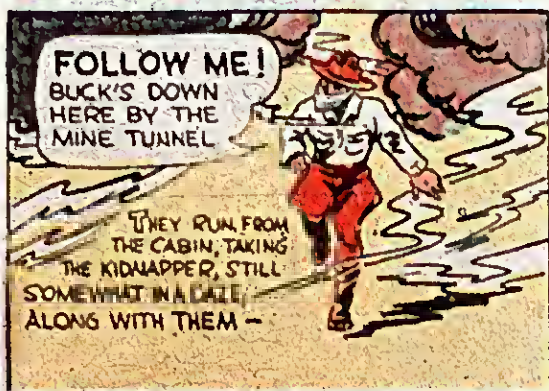
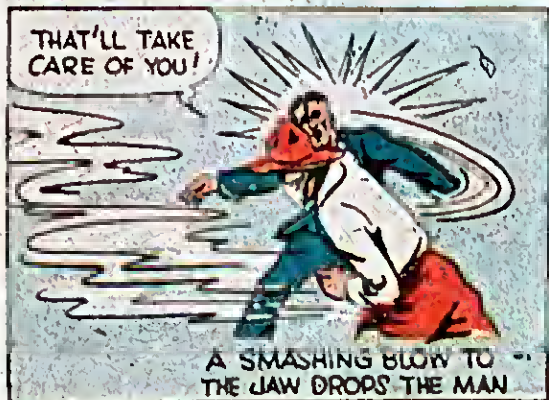
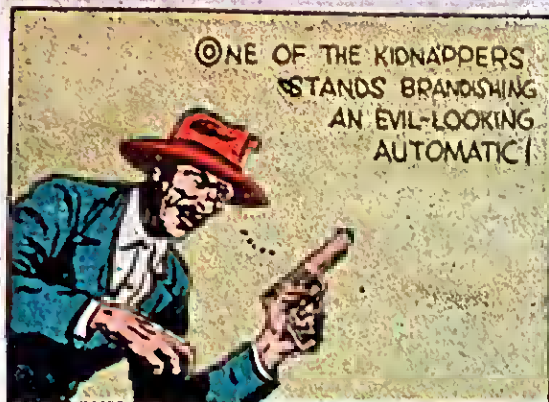


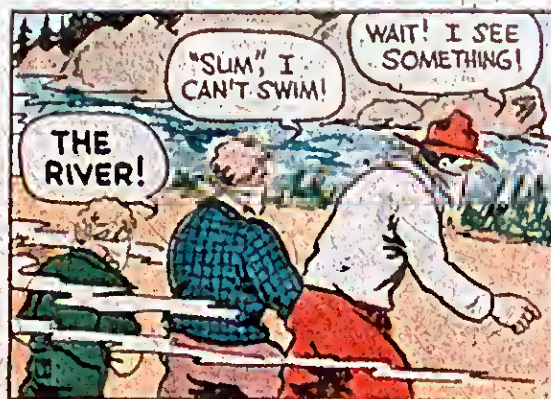
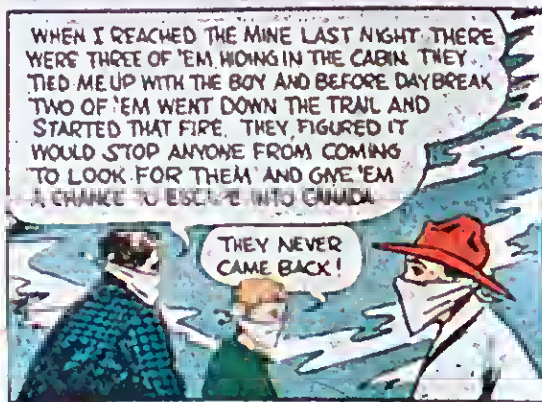
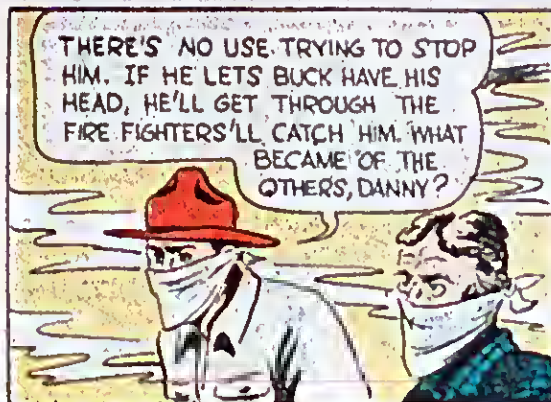
BUCK, I DON'T LIKE THIS! THAT FIRE'S 'SPREADIN' UP THE VALLEY TOWARDS OLD DANNY'S MINE. THE LOOKOUT WILL GET A CREW STARTED TO FIGHT IT AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ALONE TO FIGHT IT. WE'RE RIDING TO WARN DANNY!

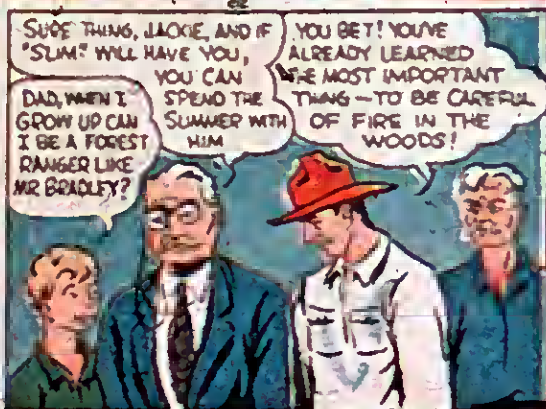
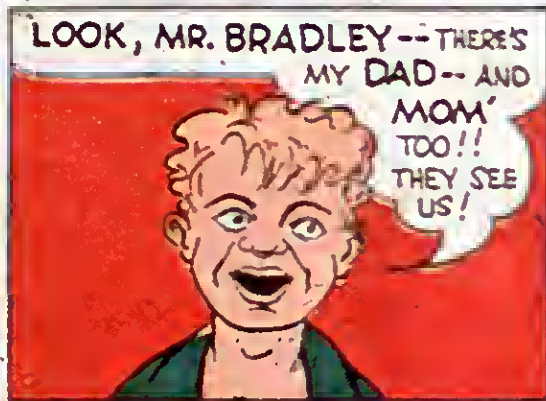
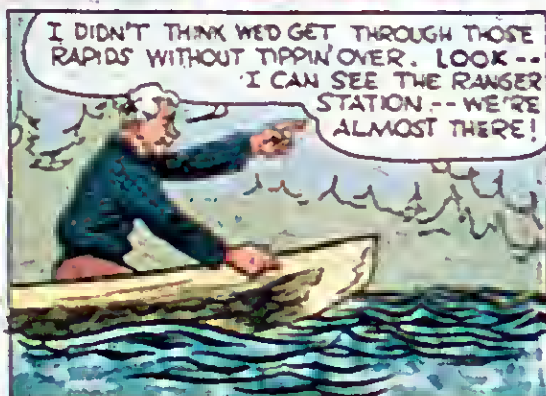
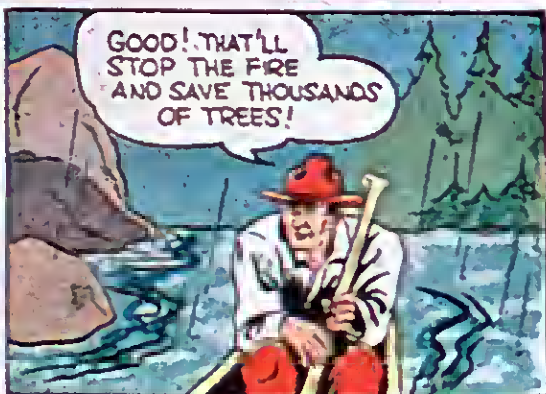
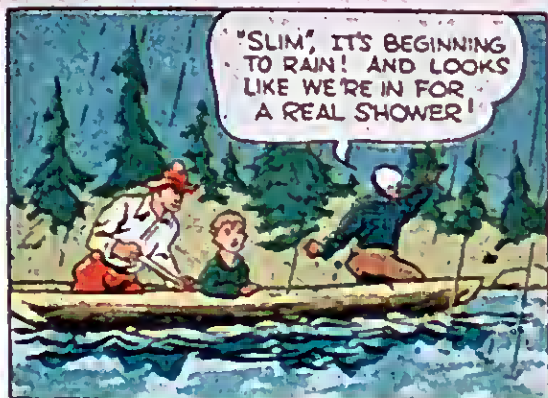
BUT, WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE KIDNAPPERS AND LITTLE JACKIE STILLMAN? WILL THEY BE TRAPPED BY THE ROARING FLAMES AND UNABLE TO ESCAPE THE FIRE?











MIGHTY MAN

A PAUL BUNYAN CHARACTER
OUT OF THE GREAT WESTERN
COUNTRY, COME TO LIFE!

BY
MARTIN FLECK

ANOTHER PROSPECTOR!
WON'T THEY EVER
GIVE UP?

ONE OF THESE
DAYS SOMEONE
WILL FIND THE
QUANTUM MINE!

DON'T TELL ME
YOU BELIEVE
THAT IT REALLY
EXISTS?

YUP! AND
I'M JUST WAITING
FOR SOME OLD
SOURDOUGH TO DISCOVER
IT!

HE WON'T HAVE
IT LONG! I'M
BOSS IN THIS
TOWN. I'LL GET
IT BY HOOK
OR CROOK!

A
CLAIM
JUMPER
EH?

EVERY OTHER MAN IN
THIS TOWN IS ON MY
RAY ROLL - IF THEY
HEAR ANYTHING
I'LL SOON KNOW
IT - TEX THAT
MINE IS AS GOOD
AS MINE!

IF AND
WHEN
DISCOVERED

THEY HEAD
FOR THEIR
OFFICE

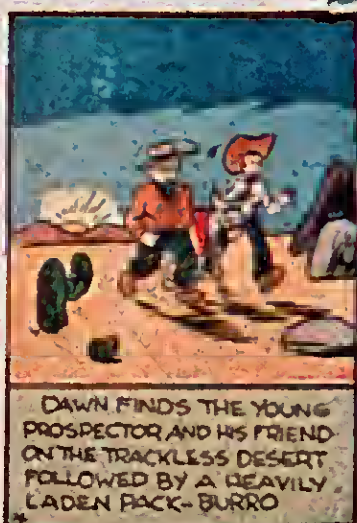
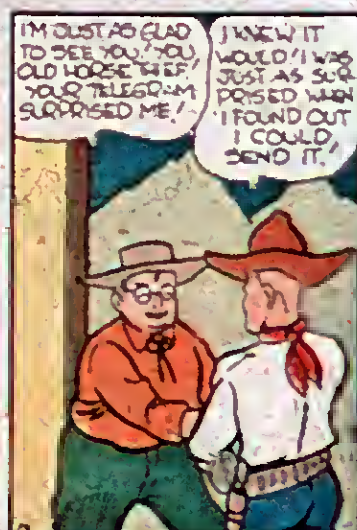
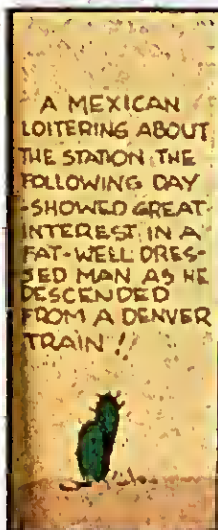
OFFICE -
BUCK
LONG

BOSS! I GOT
SOME NEWS!

A PROSPECTOR JUST SENT A
TELEGRAM TO A PROFESSOR
IN DENVER - SAYING - COME AT
ONCE! I FOUND IT - DOES
THAT MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU?

- AND
HOW!

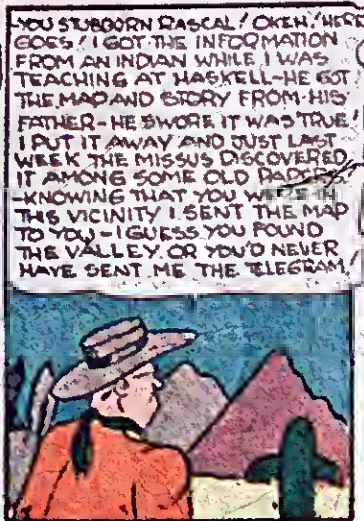
SOME TIME LATER, A MESSENGER
RUSHES BREATHLESSLY TO THE
OFFICE OF THE TWO TOWN POWERS





COME, COME, SONNY, LET ME HEAR IT - WHAT DID YOU FIND IN THE VALLEY?

JUST ABOUT EVERY-THING YOUR LETTER SAID WOULD BE THERE - BUT FIRST TELL ME WHERE YOU GOT THE MAP - AND HOW YOU CAME TO SEND IT TO ME!



YOU STUBBORN RASCAL! OKEN, HERE GOES! I GOT THE INFORMATION FROM AN INDIAN WHILE I WAS TEACHING AT HASKELL - HE GOT THE MAP AND STORY FROM HIS FATHER - HE SWORE IT WAS TRUE! I PUT IT AWAY AND JUST LAST WEEK THE MISSUS DISCOVERED IT AMONG SOME OLD PAPERS - KNOWING THAT YOU WERE IN THIS VICINITY I SENT THE MAP TO YOU - I GUESS YOU FOUND THE VALLEY OR YOU'D NEVER HAVE SENT ME THE TELEGRAM!



WHAT DID YOU FIND THERE - LARGE TREES, BIRDS - ANIMALS AND PEOPLE? ALL TWICE THE AVERAGE SIZE?

I FOUND EVERY-THING BUT THE GIANTS! OUT I DID. FIND A LITTLE SIGN! - SOME HUMAN IS LIVING IN THE VALLEY! IF HE OR SHE IS STILL ALIVE WE'LL FIND OUT!



THE TREES ARE SEQUOIA! BUT I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR THE SIZE OF THE ANIMALS AND BIRDS!



IT'S REMARKABLE HOW CLEVERLY THE VALLEY IS HIDDEN! BOX CANYONS - GULCHES - RIDGES AND BLUFFS ALL FORM A PERFECT MAZE TO THE VALLEY'S ENTRANCE! IT'S LITTLE WONDER THAT IT HAS NOT BEEN DISCOVERED FOR YEARS - ONLY BY STUMBLING UPON IT OR WITH THE AID OF A MAP CAN ONE FIND IT!



-OR BY FOLLOWING SOMEONE THAT KNEW THE WAY!

THANK GOODNESS WE HAVE NO CASE FOR WORRY - BUT IF I HAD FOUND THE MYTHICAL PHANTOM MINE INSTEAD, THEN PERHAPS SOME ONE WOULD FOLLOW US!



BUCK 'A BLIND MAN COULD FOLLOW THIS TRAIL!

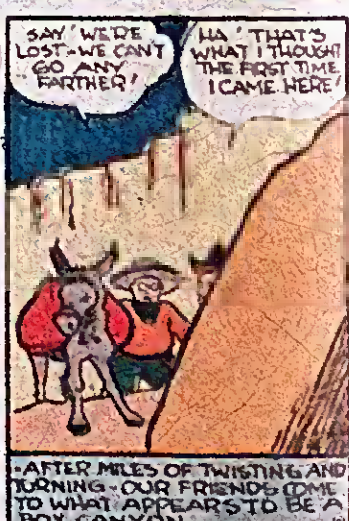
'YEAH, THEY DON'T SUSPECT A THING!

BUT LITTLE DID SUNNY REALIZE HOW WRONG HE WAS FOR ONE OF THE TOUGHEST OUTLAW GANGS IN THE WEST WAS ON THEIR TRAIL!



KINDA FUNNY! THEY AIN'T CARRYIN' MUCH GRUB!

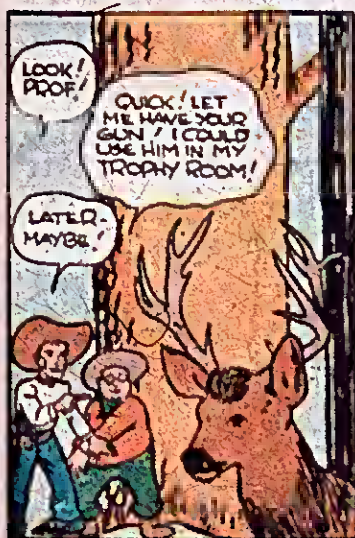
POBBERLY JUST GOIN' TO LOOK THE MINE OVER - THE PROFESSOR GENT MUST BE AN ASSAYER - HE'S KINDA PLUMP FOR A SCHOOL TEACHER!

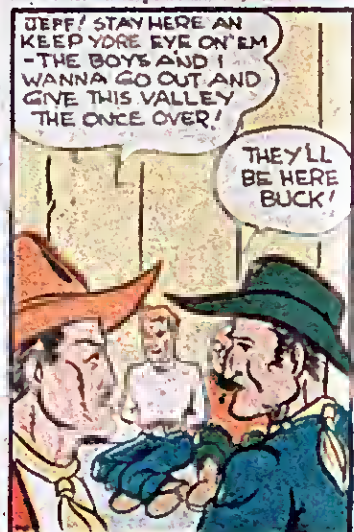
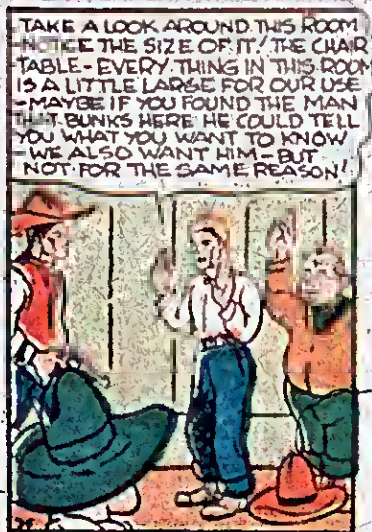
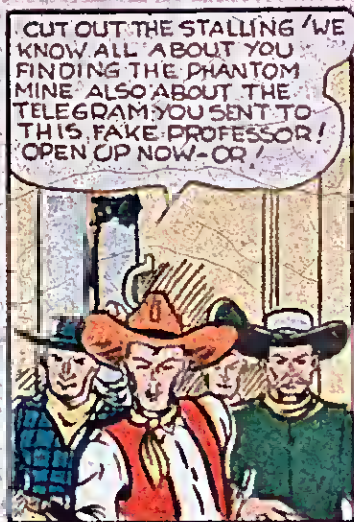


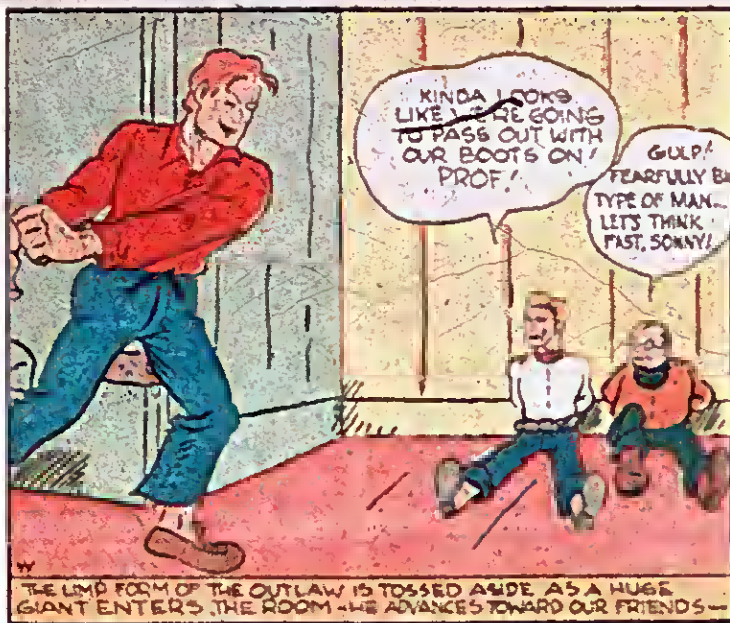
SAY! WE'RE LOST - WE CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER!

HA! THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT I CAME HERE!

-AFTER MILES OF TWISTING AND TURNING - OUR FRIENDS COME TO WHAT APPEARS TO BE A BOX CANYON.



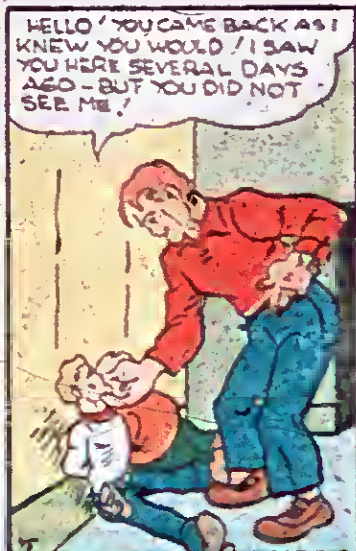




KINDA LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO PASS OUT WITH OUR BOOTS ON! PROF!

GULP! FEARFULLY BIG TYPE OF MAN... LET'S THINK FAST, SONNY!

THE LIMP FORM OF THE OUTLAW IS TOSSED ASIDE AS A HUGE GIANT ENTERS THE ROOM - HE ADVANCES TOWARD OUR FRIENDS -

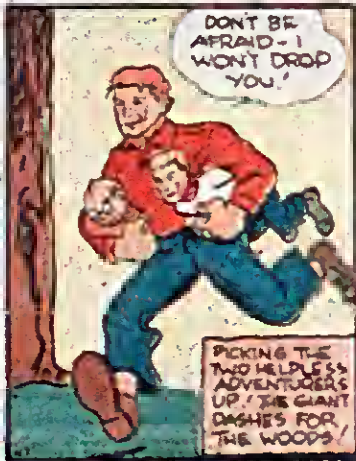


HELLO! YOU CAME BACK AS I KNEW YOU WOULD! I SAW YOU HERE SEVERAL DAYS AGO - BUT YOU DID NOT SEE ME!

-BUT INSTEAD OF HARMING OUR FRIENDS, THE GIANT SPEAKS TO SONNY!



I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU - BUT FIRST WE MUST GO WHERE WE WON'T BE DISTURBED!



DON'T BE AFRAID - I WON'T DROP YOU!

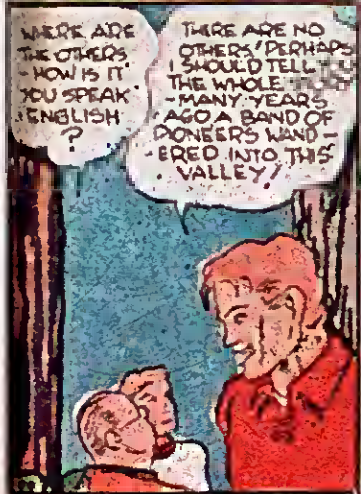
PICKING THE TWO HELPLESS ADVENTURERS UP, THE GIANT DASHES FOR THE WOODS!



-AND YOU MEN ACTUALLY CAME HERE LOOKING FOR ME AND NOT FOR THIS METAL CALLED GOLD?

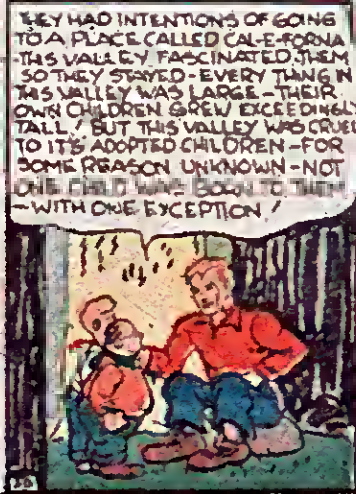
YES! WE WANTED TO FIND OUT IF THERE WAS ANY TRUTH IN THE INDIAN'S STORY!

THEY TELL THEIR STORY



WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? HOW IS IT YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?

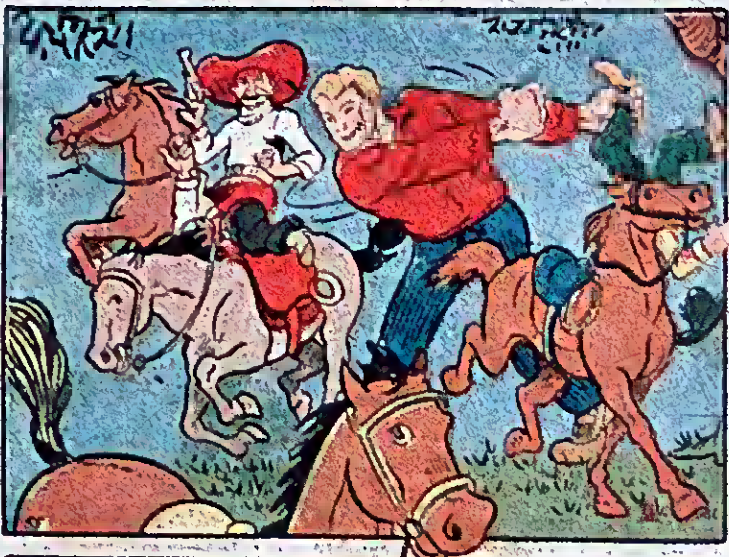
THERE ARE NO OTHERS! PERHAPS I SHOULD TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY - MANY YEARS AGO A BAND OF DIONEERS WANDERED INTO THIS VALLEY!



THEY HAD INTENTIONS OF GOING TO A PLACE CALLED CAL-E-FORNA - THIS VALLEY FASCINATED THEM SO THEY STAYED - EVERY THING IN THIS VALLEY WAS LARGE - THEIR OWN CHILDREN GREW EXCEEDINGLY TALL! BUT THIS VALLEY WAS CRUEL TO ITS ADOPTED CHILDREN - FOR SOME REASON UNKNOWN - NOT ONE CHILD WERE BORN TO THEM - WITH ONE EXCEPTION!



I WAS BORN ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO! SOME YEARS LATER I WAS LEFT ALONE - THE OTHERS DIED OFF. SOME MEN LOOKING FOR GOLD HAVE BEEN HERE - BUT THEY EITHER GO MAD - OR JUST FAIL TO RETURN SEVERAL TIMES I WANTED TO LEAVE - BUT I HAVE NO FRIENDS OUT THERE IN THIS COUNTRY - ALL THAT I HAVE SEEN ARE MAD - CRUEL AND GREEDY



FLASH!

BOYS AND
GIRLS—

The MASKED MARVEL!



AT
YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND
NOW!
only **10¢**

Appearing each month in
KEEN DETECTIVE FUNNIES

Buy the September Issue and
SEE HOW THE MASKED MARVEL
foils the gang of Stamp Counterfeiters





Why are you scanning fiche?

YOU WANT ANSWERS?

I WANT THE *TRUTH!*

YOU
CAN'T
HANDLE
THE FICHE

pmackscans@gmail.com